★Aug. 3, 1940

THE NEW YORKER

Price 15 cents

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Ladies in Retirement—Miss Fiske objects to having her guests track up the house with dead birds and driftwood, and winds up in her own oven. One of the best English melodramas in years, with Flora Robson, Estelle Winwood, Jessamine Newcombe, and Isobel Elsom. (Henry Miller, 43, E. BR 9-3970. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 3.)

Life with Father—How things were on Madison Avenue in the eighteen-eighties. Howard Lindsay and Dorothy Stickney play Father and Mother in this very attractive dramatization of the late Clarence Day's book. (Empire, B'way at 40. PE 6-9540. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

The Male Animal—A human comedy of a young professor who tries to analyze too many people and, at the same time, maintain his integrity. James Thurber's being co-author assures a certain light touch. The excellent cast is headed by the other author, Elliott Nugent. (Cort, 48, E. BR 9-0046. 8:40. Mat. 2:40, Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 3.)

The Man Who Came to Dinner—A writer who talks like Alexander Woollcott drops in on an Ohio family who have been bothering nobody. Monty Woolley is brilliant in the principal part. (Music Box, 45, W. CI 6-4636. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Thurs. and Sat.)

There Shall Be No Night—Robert E. Sherwood's impressive and passionate indictment of isolationism. The Theatre Guild and the Playwrights' Company have given it a beautiful production, and the Lunts are practically perfect. The cast includes Richard Whorf, Sydney Greenstreet, Montgomery Clift, and Elisabeth Fraser. (Alvin, 52, W. CO 5-4114. 8:40. No performances Sat. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Thurs. Closes Fri., Aug. 9.)

Tobacco Road—It seems hard to believe, but there isn't much time left in which to see this seven-year wonder. (Forrest, 49, W. CI 6-8870. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat. Closes Sat., Aug. 17.)

WITH MUSIC

Du Barry Was a Lady—A great big glittering bawdy show, with Ethel Merman and Bert Lahr making everything more than all right unless you are hypersqueamish. Cole Porter's music. (46th Street, 46, W. CI 6-6075. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Higher and Higher—This is scheduled to reopen on Mon., Aug. 5. Jack Haley and Shirley Ross head the cast and the music is by Rodgers and Hart. (Shubert, 44, W. CI 6-5990. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Louisiana Purchase—Victor Moore is magnificent as a New England reformer in this fine musical comedy about New Orleans politics written by Morrie Ryskind and Irving Berlin. William Gaxton, Vera Zorina, and Irene Bordoni are very helpful, too. (Imperial, 45, W. CO 5-7889. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

New Hellz-a-Poppin—Practically the same as the old "Hellz-a-Poppin" in spirit, which is one of rough-house at its funniest. With Olsen and Johnson. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50. CI 7-5161. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

MISCELLANY

Jones Beach—A big variety show, with a water ballet, water sports, and fireworks. (Marine Stadium, Jones Beach, L.I. Wantagh 1600. Sat. Eves. at 8:30.)

SUMMER STOCK

(In this listing you may find one or more theatres not too distant from where you happen to be in the country. No matinées, unless otherwise noted.)

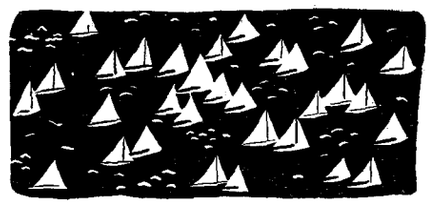
Amherst—Kitty Carlisle in "Tonight at 8:30": through Sat., Aug. 3. Fred Stone in "Ah, Wilderness!": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Kirby Memorial Theatre, Amherst, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Sat.)

Branford—"Strictly Dishonorable": through Sat., Aug. 3. Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Youngest": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. (Montowese Playhouse, Indian Neck, Branford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Cambridge—James Rennie in "Co-respondent Unknown": through Sat., Aug. 3. Guy Robertson in "Petticoat Fever": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Cambridge Summer Theatre, Brattle Hall, Cambridge, Mass. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Cape May—Julie Haydon and Hugh Rennie in "Smilin' Through": through Sat., Aug. 3. "The Petrified Forest": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. (Cape Theatre, Cape May, N.J. 8:45.)

Cedarhurst—Claudia Morgan and Francis Lederer in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 3. Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Cedarhurst Playhouse, Cedarhurst, L.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS WORTH WHILE

THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 10. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING.

Clinton—Grace George in "Kind Lady": through Sat., Aug. 3. Patricia Bowman in "After the Ball," a new play by Edward Eager: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Clinton Playhouse, Clinton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Fri.)

Cohasset—Edward Everett Horton in "Springtime for Henry": through Sat., Aug. 3. Madge Evans in "Private Lives": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (South Shore Players, Cohasset, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Dennis—Frances Farmer and Constance Collier in "Our Betters": through Sat., Aug. 3. Ruth Chatterton in "Tomorrow and Tomorrow": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Cape Playhouse, Dennis, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:40, Wed. and Fri.)

Fitchburg—Sinclair Lewis in "Shadow and Substance": through Sat., Aug. 3. Gloria Stuart in "The Night of January 16th": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Lake Whalom Theatre, Fitchburg, Mass. 8:20. Mats. 2:20, Wed.)

Gloucester—Thornton Wilder in "Our Town": through Sat., Aug. 3. "The Hottentot": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Bass Rocks Theatre, Gloucester, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Great Neck—Dennis Hoey in "Fallen Angels": through Sat., Aug. 3. (Chapel Theatre, Middle Neck Rd., Great Neck, L.I. 8:40.)

Guilford—Ann Corio and Frankie Thomas, Jr., in "The Barker": through Sat., Aug. 3. Laurette Taylor in "Outward Bound": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Chapel Playhouse, Guilford, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Harrison—"The Hottentot": through Sat., Aug. 3. Joe E. Brown in "The Show-Off": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Deertrees Theatre, Harrison, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed., Thurs., and Fri.)

Ivoryton—"The Road to Rome": through Sat., Aug. 3. (Ivoryton Playhouse, Ivoryton, Conn. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Locust Valley—Sheila Barrett in "Crazy with the Heat," a new revue by Dana Suesse, Milton Berle, John La Touche, and others: through Sat., Aug. 3, and Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Red Barn Theatre, Locust Valley, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Maplewood—Tonio Selwart in "Margin for Error": through Sat., Aug. 3. Flora Robson and the original cast in "Ladies in Retirement": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Maplewood Theatre, Maplewood, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed. and Sat.)

Marblehead—Jane Cowl in "Captain Brassbound's Conversion": through Sat., Aug. 3. Helen Claire in "Here To-Day": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (North Shore Players, Marblehead, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Martha's Vineyard—Effie Shannon in "Morning's at Seven": through Sat., Aug. 3. James Kirkwood in "Missouri Legend": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Rice Playhouse, Oak Bluffs, Martha's Vineyard, Mass. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed.)

Matunuck—Mady Christians in "Twentieth Century": through Sat., Aug. 3. Ina Claire in "Biography": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Theatre-by-the-Sea, Matunuck, R.I. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Mt. Kisco—Lenore Ulric in "Twentieth Century": through Sat., Aug. 3. Otto Preminger in "Margin for Error": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Westchester Playhouse, Lawrence Farms, Mt. Kisco, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. 2:40, Wed.)

Nantucket—Morgan Farley in "East Lynne": Sun. through Tues., Aug. 4-6. (Nantucket Players, Nantucket, Mass. 8:45.)

New Hope—Betty Field in "Coquette": through Sat., Aug. 3. Walter Slezak in "Topaze": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Bucks County Playhouse, New Hope, Pa. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Newport—Roy Hargrave in "Blind Alley": through Sat., Aug. 3. John Beal in "No Time for Comedy": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. (Casino Civic Theatre, Newport, R.I. Tues. Eves. at 9 o'clock; other Eves. at 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Thurs.)

Ogunquit—Frances Starr and Bramwell Fletcher in "No Time for Comedy": through Sat., Aug. 3. Michael Strange and Bramwell Fletcher in "Amphitryon 38": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Ogunquit Playhouse, Ogunquit, Me. 8:30. Mats. 2:30, Fri.)

Orwigsburg—Fifi D'Orsay and Lila Lee in "Up Pops the Devil": through Sat., Aug. 3. Anna May Wong in "On the Spot": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Kenley Deer Lake Theatre, Orwigsburg, Pa. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Pawling—"Outward Bound": through Sat., Aug. 3. (Starlight Theatre, Route 22, Pawling, N.Y. 8:40. Mats. at 3, Thurs.)

Princeton—"By Any Other Name," a new play by Warren P. Munsell, Jr.: through Sat., Aug. 3. Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (McCarter Theatre, Princeton, N.J. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

Ridgefield—Paul and Grace Hartman in "Tonight at 8:30": Thurs., Aug. 1. Jimmy Savo in "Mum's the Word": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3, and Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (New England Playhouse, Ridgefield, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Thurs.)

Roslyn—"Soft Shoulders," a new comedy by Christopher Morley: through Sat., Aug. 3. (Millpond Playhouse, Roslyn, L.I. 9 o'clock.)

Rye Beach—Sharon Lynne in "Rain": through Sat., Aug. 3. "Private Confusion," a new comedy by Hardie Albright and Austin Parker: Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. (Farragut Playhouse, Rye Beach, N.H. 8:30.)

Saratoga Springs—Ina Claire in "Biography": through Sat., Aug. 3. Eric Rhodes in "Goodbye Again": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Spa Theatre, Saratoga Springs, N.Y. 9 o'clock. Mats. 2:40, Thurs.)

Schenectady—Dennis King in "Peter Ibbetson": through Sat., Aug. 3. "Seventeen": Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. (Mohawk Drama Festival, Union College, Schenectady, N.Y. 8:45.)

Skowhegan—Ann Mason and Vincent Price in "Elizabeth the Queen": through Sat., Aug. 3. James Bell in "Abraham Lincoln": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Lakewood Players, Skowhegan, Me. 8 o'clock. Mats. 2:30, Sat.)

Southampton—"Jeff Comes Home," a new play by John S. Rodell: Wed. through Sat., Aug. 7-10. (Parrish Memorial Theatre, Southampton, L.I. 8:45.)

Spring Lake—Helen Gahagan in "Wind in the Sails," a new play by Dan Totheroh: through Sat., Aug. 3. Rex O'Malley in "Sleeping Partners": Wed. through Sat., Aug. 7-10. (Community Playhouse, Spring Lake, N.J. 8:50. Mats. 2:50, Thurs. and Sat.)

Stamford—"The Royal Roost," a new play by Richard Dwenger: through Sat., Aug. 3. (Community Playhouse, Stamford, Conn. 8:45.)

Stockbridge—Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": through Sat., Aug. 3. Ruth Gordon in "The Millionairess," by George Bernard Shaw: Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Berkshire Playhouse, Stockbridge, Mass. 8:45. Mats. 2:30, Wed. and Sat.)

Suffern—Rex Ingram and Walter Armitage in "The Tragical Historie of Dr. Faustus": through Sat.,

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THE NEW YORKER
25 WEST 43RD STREET
TELEPHONE
ADVERTISING & SUBSCRIPTIONS, BRYANT 9-6300
EDITORIAL OFFICES, BRYANT 9-8200

THE NEW YORKER, published weekly by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, 25 West 43rd St., New York, N. Y. R. H. Fleischmann, president; E. R. Spaulding, vice-president; C. L. Cornell, sec. and treas.; R. B. Bowen, adv. dir. Subscription $5.00. Vol. XVI, No. 25, August 3, 1940. Entered as second-class matter, February 16, 1925, at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1940, by The F-R. Publishing Corporation, in the United States and Canada. All rights reserved. No part of this periodical may be reproduced without the consent of The New Yorker. Printed in U. S. A.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Aug. 3. "The Constant Nymph": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (County Theatre, Suffern, N.Y. 8:45.)

WESTPORT—Ethel Barrymore in "The School for Scandal": through Sat., Aug. 3. Paul Robeson in "The Emperor Jones": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Country Playhouse, Westport, Conn. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Wed.)

WHITE PLAINS—Ezra Stone in "What a Life!": Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3. Tallulah Bankhead in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray": Mon. through Sat., Aug. 5-10. (Ridgeway Theatre, White Plains, N.Y. 8:45. Mats. 2:45, Sat.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

(A listing of some places where, with a few indicated exceptions, you will find music or other entertainment. Those in the city may close for one or more nights over these summer weekends.)

AMBASSADOR GARDEN, Park at 51 (WI 2-1000)—A green and pleasant retreat, with Larry Siry's orchestra playing for dinner dancing.

BILTMORE, Madison at 43 (MU 9-7920)—Alvino Rey and his orchestra provide the music and entertainment on the Roof.

COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56 (PL 3-8887)—An inviting place to try if you want to have a casual good time. Nicki Raymond's orchestra is on hand to help you.

MONTPARNASSE, Madison at 79 (BU 8-2345)—A favorite with uptowners, and downtowners who make the trip seem to like it too. A quintet plays for dancing.

PIERRE, 5 Ave. at 61 (RE 4-5900)—Joan Edwards sings at the supper hour in the Café, and there's dancing to music by Bob Knight's orchestra.

RAINBOW ROOM, R.C.A. Bldg. (CI 6-1400)—This skyscraping eyrie has Ray Heatherton's orchestra and a show.... Barry Winton's orchestra and Marlynn and Michael perform in the Rainbow Grill.

ST. REGIS, 5 Ave. at 55 (PL 3-4500)—The Viennese Roof has a small show, with Virginia Morley and Livingston Gearhart, the young pianists. Hal Saunders' orchestra. Must dress if you want to dance.

SAVOY-PLAZA, 5 Ave. at 59 (VO 5-2600)—John Buckmaster is in the Café Lounge at the supper hour. Emile Petti's orchestra provides the music.

STORK CLUB, 3 E. 53 (PL 3-1940)—You know, the Stork Club. Charlie Wright's orchestra and a rumba band.

VERSAILLES, 151 E. 50 (PL 8-0310)—A big East Side place, with songs by Frances Williams and music by Nicholas D'Amico's orchestra and Panchito's rumba band.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park at 49 (EL 5-3000)—The airy Starlight Roof has a show more or less run by Xavier Cugat, hitherto a rumba specialist, who, in deference to the North American Way, now plays for all kinds of dancing. Mischa Borr's orchestra alternates with Cugat's at the supper hour, and Larry Adler is around with his harmonica.

MISCELLANEOUS—At ARMANDO'S, 54 E. 55 (PL 3-0760): Frank Mandella's orchestra, not much floor space, and all nice and cozy.... PENTHOUSE CLUB, 30 Central Pk. S. (PL 3-6910): a lofty hideaway for dinner and supper, with soft music to listen to and the lights of Central Park to look at down below. No dancing.... WARWICK, 65 W. 54 (CI 7-2700): a secluded nook, with a mite of a dance floor.... ASTOR ROOF, B'way at 44 (CI 6-6000): Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.... NEW YORKER HOTEL, 8 Ave. at 34 (ME 3-1000): Larry Clinton's orchestra (to be replaced by Woody Herman's on Thurs., Aug. 8) and an ice show.... ESSEX HOUSE, 160 Central Pk. S. (CI 7-0300): Al Kavelin's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... PENNSYLVANIA ROOF, 7 Ave. at 33 (PE 6-5000): Everett Hoagland's orchestra (to be replaced by Russ Morgan's on Fri., Aug. 9).... ST. MORITZ, 50 Central Pk. S. (WI 2-5800): Eddie Varzos' orchestra.... PARK CENTRAL, 7 Ave at 56 (CI 7-8000): Sally Rand and Buddy Clarke's orchestra.... BOSSERT MARINE ROOF, Montague and Hicks Sts., Brooklyn Heights (MA 4-8100): the view of the harbor is alone worth the trip; Eddie Lane's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... BILL'S GAY NINETIES, 57 E. 54 (EL 5-8231): auld lang syne—loud but pleasant. No dancing.... KIT KAT CLUB, 152 E. 55 (EL 5-0543): Connie McLean's orchestra and other Negro folk entertaining late stayer-uppers.... JIMMY KELLY'S, 181 Sullivan (AL 4-1414): another lively late spot for the sturdy.

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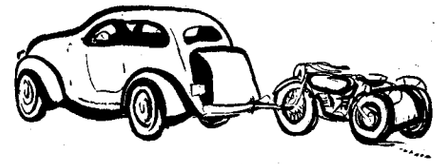
BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—At the DIAMOND HORSESHOE, 235 W. 46 (CI 6-6500): a Billy Rose show, with Gilda Gray, Blanche Ring, and Julian Eltinge.... BEACHCOMBER, B'way at 50 (CI 6-0644): a not too languorous South Sea setting, with, except Mon., Sonny Kendis's orchestra.... HURRICANE, B'way at 49 (CI 6-7147): another tropical affair, with Eddie Bush's orchestra.... LA CONGA, 205 W. 51 (CI 5-8980): a downstairs place, with South American



THIS LISTING COVERS THE TEN DAYS FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, THROUGH SATURDAY, AUGUST 10. TIMES GIVEN, INCLUDING THOSE OF TRAINS, ARE DAYLIGHT SAVING

entertainment.... 18 CLUB, 20 W. 52 (EL 5-9858): Jack White isn't any too delicate about his quips, but nobody seems to mind.

AL-FRESCO DINING—With dancing: CLAREMONT INN, Riverside Dr. at 124 (MO 2-8600); and TAVERN-ON-THE-GREEN, Central Pk. W. at 67 (BU 8-3954).... Without dancing: CHATHAM WALK, Vanderbilt at 48 (VO 5-5400); PAVILLON MARGUERY, 270 Park, at 47 (WI 2-9000); the JAPANESE GARDEN of the Ritz-Carlton, Madison at 46 (PL 3-4600); and the PROMENADE CAFÉ, in the Sunken Plaza, Rockefeller Center (CI 6-5800).

PURE SWING—At the HICKORY HOUSE, 144 W. 52 (CI 7-9524): Joe Marsala's orchestra playing for customers who'd rather listen than dance. Adele Girard is there, too.... CAFÉ SOCIETY, 2 Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-2737): a well-established Village place, with Teddy Wilson's band, Hazel Scott, the Golden Gate Quartet, and the boogie-woogie pianists, Johnson and Ammons. Closed Mon.... NICK'S, 7 Ave. at 10 (WA 9-9742): among the boys in the coöperative band here are Joe Sullivan, Eddie Condon, and Pee Wee Russell.... VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 7 Ave. S., at 11 (CH 2-9355): a casual little cellar place, with, except Tues., Zutty Singleton's Trio and, except Mon., some Calypso singers.

FOREIGN FLAVOR—Scandinavian: CASTLEHOLM, 344 W. 57 (CI 7-0873); and QUEEN MARY, 40 E. 58 (PL 3-2313).... Latin: EL CHICO, 80 Grove, at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646).

OUT OF TOWN

DANCING AT NEARBY PLACES—Ben Riley's ARROWHEAD INN, Henry Hudson P'kway, at 246 (Kingsbridge 6-2000): Irving Conn's orchestra and a rumba band.... Ben Marden's RIVIERA, at the other end of the George Washington Bridge (Ft. Lee 8-2000): Leo Reisman's orchestra, Pancho's rumba band, and, starting Thurs., Aug. 8, Sophie Tucker, Harry Richman, and Joe E. Lewis.... WESTCHESTER BATH CLUB, 10 Lawn Terrace, Mamaroneck (Mamaroneck 543): Chiquito's rumba band and Jack Towne's orchestra.... GLEN ISLAND CASINO, off Shore Rd., New Rochelle (Hamilton 4480): Bobby Byrne's orchestra.... BOARDWALK CAFÉ, Jones Beach, L.I. (Wantagh 1600): Ozzie Nelson's orchestra; a fill-in band Mon.... CHANTICLER, Millburn and Short Hills Aves., Millburn, N.J. (Millburn 6-1454): George Sterney's orchestra.... MEADOWBROOK, on Route 23, Cedar Grove, N.J. (Verona 8-9817): Cab Calloway's orchestra through Wed., Aug. 7. Closed Mon.

FURTHER OUT OF TOWN—At CANOE PLACE INN, Montauk Highway, Hampton Bays, L.I. (Hampton Bays 150): Lou Lang's orchestra.... NEW PROSPECT HOTEL, Shelter Island Heights, L.I. (Shelter Island 65): Charley Wood's orchestra.... SEVEN PONDS INN, Montauk Highway, Water Mill, L.I. (Water Mill 500): a quartet plays for dancing, except Tues.... GUIDO'S SAPPHIRE ROOM, Monmouth County C.C., Eatontown, N.J. (Eatontown 95): Maximillian Bergère's orchestra.... The Spanish Grill of the MONMOUTH HOTEL, Spring Lake Beach, N.J. (Spring Lake 330): Walter Feldkamp's orchestra.... PERONA FARM, Andover, N.J. (Lake Mohawk 9600): Ray Rizzony's orchestra. No dancing Mon.... ROSS FENTON FARM, Deal Lake, North Asbury Park, N.J. (Asbury Park 2074): Eddie Oliver's orchestra, a rumba band, and, Fri. through Sun., Aug. 2-4, the Hartmans.... SEA BRIGHT YACHT CLUB, on Route 36, Sea Bright, N.J. (Sea Bright 82): Ray Morton's orchestra.... ARROWHEAD INN, Saratoga Springs: Ernie Holst's orchestra and a show.... PIPING ROCK, Saratoga Springs: Ted Straeter's orchestra, a rumba band, and a show.

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DINNER IN THE COUNTRY—Places to dine (mostly without dancing) while motoring—BETHPAGE, L.I.: Beau Séjour (Hicksville 91).... BROOKHAVEN, L.I.: Brook House (Bellport 394).... HAMPTON BAYS, L.I.: Catena's Restaurant (Hampton Bays 170).... LAKE SUCCESS, L.I.: Lakeville Manor Inn (Great Neck 2790).... OAKDALE, L.I.: Stirrup-Cup Castle (Sayville 889).... SMITHTOWN, L.I.: Riverside Inn (Smithtown 1016).... SOUTH HUNTINGTON, L.I.: Round Hill Restaurant, on Jericho Turnpike (Huntington 1371).... SYOSSET, L.I.: Stockholm, on Jericho Turnpike (Syosset 1749).... WESTHAMPTON, L.I.: Casa Basso (Westhampton 1841).... AMAWALK, N.Y.: Benedusi's, on Route 202 (Yorktown 984).... COLD SPRING, N.Y.: Harbor Hill Inn, on Lane Gate Rd., off Route 301 (Cold Spring 975).... DOVER PLAINS, N.Y.: Old Drover's Inn, on Route 22 (Dover Plains 2781).... HAWTHORNE, N.Y.: Valley View Farm, on Old Saw Mill River Rd., near P'kway (Pleasantville 120).... MT. KISCO, N.Y.: Lawrence Farms Inn, on Route 117 (Mt. Kisco 5324).... NEW CITY, N.Y.: French Farms (New City 981).... POUNDRIDGE, N.Y.: Emily Shaw's Inn (Bedford Village 9371); and Rainbow Tea House (Bedford Village 616).... SLOATSBURG, N.Y.: Vailati's, on Route 17, near Tuxedo (Sloatsburg 245).... BRIDGEWATER, CONN.: Hilltop Farm (New Milford 830).... DANBURY, CONN.: White Turkey Inn, on Route 7 (Danbury 4548).... NORWALK, CONN.: Silvermine Tavern, Perry and Silvermine Aves. (Norwalk 88).... REDDING RIDGE, CONN.: Spinning Wheel (Redding 67).... RIDGEFIELD, CONN.: Outpost Inn, on Route 33 (Ridgefield 882); dancing Fri. and Sat. Eves.... SOUTHPORT, CONN.: Tide Mill Tavern, off Post Rd. (Fairfield 9-2900).... WESTPORT, CONN.: Cobb's Mill Inn, on Route 57 (Westport 4330); dancing Wed., Fri., and Sat. Eves.; and Red Barn, off Merritt P'kway (Westport 3971).... ALPINE, N.J.: Le Petit Pavillon Royal, on Route 9W (Closter 788).... BERNARDSVILLE, N.J.: Old Mill Inn, on Route 32 (Bernardsville 70).... DOYLESTOWN, PA.: Water Wheel Tavern, Old Route 611 (Doylestown 7941).

ART

CATLIN—Carefully documented pictures by this nineteenth-century painter of Indian life; also, selected works by other Americans: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.

EUROPEANS AND AMERICANS—A varied show of modern painters, with the Americans—Hartley, Nordfeldt, Maurer, to name a few—coming out on top: Lilienfeld, 21 E. 57. Mon. through Thurs., 2 to 4 P.M.; Fri., 10:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M.; through Sept. 28.

FRENCH—At the PERLS, 32 E. 58: an attractively contrasted group of works by modern and modern-primitive artists of the Paris school. Mon. through Fri., 11 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... CARSTAIRS, 11 E. 57: Derain, Dufy, Utrillo, and other moderns. Daily 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.; through Aug. 2.... HARRIMAN, 63 E. 57: Matisses, Picassos, Derains, and so on—most of them good ones. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Sept. 27.

GROUPS—At the ASSOCIATED AMERICAN ARTISTS', 711 5 Ave., at 55: Benton, Bohrod, Soyer, and many others in a summer roundup. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 15.... MILCH, 108 W. 57: paintings by contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... MACBETH, 11 E. 57: from William S. Mount and A. H. Wyant to Robert Philipp and Jon Corbino, with the elders having a shade the edge of things. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... WALKER, 108 E. 57: Curry, Ruellan, and Grosz, in a showing of contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... CONTEMPORARY ARTS, 38 W. 57: paintings by selected artists. Weekdays 10 A.M. to 5:30 P.M. (also Mon. Eve., 8:30 to 10:30); through Aug. 31.

LATIN AMERICAN—A comprehensive showing of paintings, sculpture, and prints by contemporary Brazilian, Ecuadorian, Mexican, and Venezuelan artists: Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 104: Tues. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sun., 1 to 6 P.M.; through Oct. 20.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53—Mexican art from away back right up to the present in a big, varied, but surprisingly coherent show that fills the Museum and overflows into the garden behind it. A new fresco by Orozco is on view. Wed., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun., 12 noon to 6 P.M.; through Sept. 30.

SOVIET GRAPHIC ART—Some remarkably gay illustrations for children's tales set the tone for a collection of woodcuts, color prints, and other graphics: A.C.A., 52 W. 8. Thurs., 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; other weekdays, 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 31.

HERE AND THERE—At the MAYER, 41 E. 57: British and American water colors and prints. Mon. through Fri., 9:30 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... MONTROSS, 785 5 Ave., at 60: oils and water colors by twenty-five contemporary Americans. Mon. through Fri., 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; through Aug. 30.... F.A.R., 19 E. 61: original aquatints by Goya. Mon. through Fri., 9 A.M. to 6 P.M.; through Aug. 16.

MUSIC

STADIUM CONCERTS—Philharmonic Symphony—Smallens conducting, Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 1-2; Stein-

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berg conducting, Sat. through Tues., Aug. 3-6; Freccia conducting, Wed. through Sat., Aug. 7-10. Special features: the Ballet Theatre in "Peter and the Wolf," the second act of "Giselle," "Italian Suite," and "Goya Pastoral," Aug. 1, and "Peter and the Wolf," the second act of "Giselle," "The Bluebird," and "Goya Pastoral," Aug. 2; Hoffman, Aug. 5; Elman, Aug. 8. (Lewisohn Stadium, Amsterdam Ave. at 138. AU 3-3400. At 8:30. Downtown ticket office: Steinway Hall, 113 W. 57. CI 7-5534.)

GOLDMAN BAND—Central Park Mall, Mon., Wed., Fri., and Sun. Eves. at 8:30; Prospect Park, Brooklyn, Tues., Thurs., and Sat. Eves. at 8:30.

RUTH ST. DENIS AND LA MERI—Appearing in a recital of Oriental dances: Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington at 92, Wed. Eve., Aug. 7, at 9 o'clock. (AT 9-2400.)

OUT OF TOWN—Berkshire Symphonic Festival, Boston Symphony, Koussevitzky conducting: Tanglewood, Route 183, between Stockbridge and Lenox, Mass., Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 1 and 3, at 8:30, Sun. Aft., Aug. 4, at 3:30, and Thurs. and Sat. Eves., Aug. 8 and 10, at 8:30. (Soloists: Sanromá, Aug. 4; Spalding, Aug. 8.) . . . The Colony Opera Guild, presenting the second acts of "Faust" and "Martha": Barn Theatre, on the estate of Mrs. Charles S. Peabody, Bolton Rd., Lake George, N.Y., Fri. Eve., Aug. 2, at 8:45. . . . Gordon String Quartet: The Hall, Music Mountain, Falls Village, Conn., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . South Mountain String Quartet: Temple of Music, South Mountain, Pittsfield, Mass., Sun. Afts. at 4. . . . Curtis String Quartet: Captain Eell's Boat Barn, Rockport, Me., Sun. Eves. at 8:30.

SPORTS

BASEBALL—At the YANKEE STADIUM: Yankees vs. Philadelphia, Fri. Aft., Aug. 9, at 3:15; Sat. Aft., Aug. 10, at 3. . . . POLO GROUNDS: Giants vs. St. Louis, Fri. Aft., Aug. 2 (doubleheader), at 1:30; Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 3; Sun. Aft., Aug. 4 (doubleheader), at 2. Giants vs. Dodgers, Wed. Eve., Aug. 7, at 8:45; Thurs. Aft., Aug. 8, at 3:15. . . . EBBETS FIELD: Dodgers vs. Pittsburgh, Thurs. Aft., Aug. 1 (doubleheader), at 1:30. Dodgers vs. Chicago, Fri. Aft., Aug. 2, at 3; Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 2:30; Sun. Aft., Aug. 4 (doubleheader), at 2:05. Dodgers vs. Giants, Mon. Eve., Aug. 5, at 8:45.

DOG SHOWS—Lackawanna Kennel Club, Mt. Pocono, Pa., Sat., Aug. 3, at 9 A.M. . . . Mt. Desert Kennel Club, Bar Harbor, Me., Sat., Aug. 10, at 9 A.M.

GOLF—Invitation Four-Ball Tournament, Winged Foot G.C., Mamaroneck, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 1-4. . . . New York State Women's Championships, Troy C.C., Troy, Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10. . . . Long Island Best-Ball Championship, Garden City C.C., Garden City, Wed., Aug. 7.

HORSE SHOWS—Pittsfield, Mass., Fri. and Sat., Aug. 2-3, at 9 A.M. . . . Sagamore Show, Lake George, N.Y., Fri. through Sun., Aug. 9-11, at 1 P.M.

POLO—High-goal play at the Meadow Brook Club, Westbury; Sat. and Sun. Afts. at 3:30, and Tues. and Thurs. Afts. at 5:30.

RACING—Weekdays at Saratoga Springs, at 2:45 P.M.; through Aug. 31. The United States Hotel Stakes and the Saratoga Handicap, Aug. 3; the Kenner, Aug. 7; the Saratoga Special and the Alabama, Aug. 10. (Regular trains leave Grand Central weekdays at 9:30 A.M., arriving Saratoga at 1:33 P.M. The Saturday Special will leave Grand Central at 9:30 A.M., arriving at Saratoga at 1:30 P.M.)

SKEET—National Championships, Onondaga Skeet Club, Syracuse, N.Y., Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10.

TENNIS—Men's Invitation Tournament, Meadow Club, Southampton, daily through Sat., Aug. 3. . . . Women's Invitation Tournament, Maidstone Club, East Hampton, daily through Sat., Aug. 3. . . . Eastern Grass Court Championships, Westchester C.C., Rye, Sat., Aug. 3, through Sun., Aug. 11.

YACHTING—Race Week, Marblehead, Mass., Sat., Aug. 3, through Sun., Aug. 11. . . . Annual Regatta, Handicap Class, New Rochelle Y.C., Sun., Aug. 4. . . . Annual Cruise, American Y.C., Rye, Thurs. through Sun., Aug. 8-11.

Championship races on the Sound, at 1:45 P.M.: Riverside Y.C., Sat., Aug. 3; Port Washington Y.C., Sat., Aug. 10.

OTHER EVENTS

ARMY MANEUVERS—A hundred thousand officers and men of the regular Army, National Guard, and organized reserves from all parts of the Northeast will be drilling at Plattsburg, N.Y., from Sat., Aug. 3, through Sat., Aug. 31.

DA VINCI EXHIBITION—Two hundred or more models of the Italian master's inventions, recently constructed in Milan from his sketches and notes: Museum of Science and Industry, R.C.A. Bldg., Rockefeller Center, daily 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.

S.S. AMERICA—The new American liner may be visited at Pier 59 (W. 18th St.), Thurs. and Fri., Aug. 1-2, from 10 A.M. to 4 P.M.

BENEFIT—Paul Draper, Ray Bolger, Paul Haakon, Ruth St. Denis, Larry Adler, and members of the Ballet Theatre, among others, appearing in a program sponsored by the British War Relief Society: Winter Garden, B'way at 50, Tues. Eve., Aug. 6, at 11:45.

ON THE AIR

RACING—Saratoga Handicap, at Saratoga Springs: Sat. Aft., Aug. 3, at 5:30, WABC, WJZ.

NEWS COMMENTATORS—H. V. Kaltenborn, Sun. Afts. at 3:45, and Wed. and Sat. Eves. at 7:45, WEAF. . . . Edwin C. Hill, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:05, WABC. . . . Lowell Thomas, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 6:45, WJZ. . . . Wythe Williams, Sun. Eves. at 7:45, and Mon. Eves. at 9, WOR. . . . Quincy Howe, Mon., Wed., and Thurs. Eves. at 9, WQXR. . . . Raymond Gram Swing, Mon. through Fri. Eves. at 10, WOR.

News broadcasts from abroad: weekdays at 6:45 and 10:30 P.M., WABC; Mon. through Fri. at 7:15 P.M., WEAF; Sun. at 7 P.M., WABC, WJZ.

MOTION PICTURES

THE BAKER'S WIFE—Life—or very close to life, anyhow—in a French village, with Raimu as a husband who has a pretty but problematical wife. (World, 153 W. 49.)

DISNEY FESTIVAL—A reshowing of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and five shorts. (Criterion, B'way at 44.)

THE EARL OF CHICAGO—The British upper classes vs. Chicago gunmen. A rather different Robert Montgomery production, both funny and terrifying. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 1.)

EDISON, THE MAN—A somewhat schoolroomish yet well-handled story of the inventor's active years. With Spencer Tracy. (Stoddard, B'way at 90; through Mon., Aug. 5. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 6-8. . . . Terrace, 9 Ave. at 23; Tues. through Sat., Aug. 6-10.)

GONE WITH THE WIND—You'd better hurry along and give up a night to it. (Astor, B'way at 45.)

HIS GIRL FRIDAY—That old classic, "The Front Page," renovated and readjusted to the needs of Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy, and still very funny. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 6-7.)

THE MORTAL STORM—Margaret Sullavan, Frank Morgan, and James Stewart in a detailed, impressive movie of German life in the earlier Hitler days. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54; Loew's 72nd Street, 3 Ave. at 72; Olympia, B'way at 107; and Loew's 175th Street, B'way at 175; through Mon., Aug. 5. . . . State, B'way at 45; and Loew's 83rd Street, B'way at 83; through Wed., Aug. 7.)

MY FAVORITE WIFE—More jokes about marriage and what can happen in the happy state, and all pretty amusing. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant carry on. (Gramercy Park, Lexington at 23; through Fri., Aug. 2. . . . Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 2-5. . . . Trans-Lux 52nd Street, Lexington at 52; Sat. through Mon., Aug. 3-5.)

TORRID ZONE—Tough and cheerful, with Ann Sheridan, Cagney, and O'Brien. High doings down there in the banana country of South America. (Colony, 2 Ave. at 79; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 6-7.)

REVIVALS

ALGIERS (1938)—Hedy Lamarr and Charles Boyer. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Mon. through Wed., Aug. 5-7.)

ESCAPE ME NEVER (1935)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 6-7.)

MAN OF ARAN (1934)—A Robert Flaherty film. (Sutton, 3 Ave. at 57; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

MIDNIGHT (1939)—Claudette Colbert and Don Ameche. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 6-8.)

MR. SMITH GOES TO WASHINGTON (1939)—Jean Arthur and James Stewart. (Plaza, 58, E. of Madison; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

POPPY (1936)—With W. C. Fields. (Alden, B'way at 67; Tues. and Wed., Aug. 6-7.)

THE SCARLET PIMPERNEL (1935)—Merle Oberon and Leslie Howard. (Trans-Lux 85th Street, Madison at 85; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

STOLEN LIFE (1939)—With Elisabeth Bergner. (68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Tues. through Thurs., Aug. 6-8.)

THE WOMAN ALONE (1937)—With Sylvia Sidney. (Thalia, B'way at 95; through Fri., Aug. 2.)

WUTHERING HEIGHTS (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Fri. through Sun., Aug. 2-4. . . . 68th Street Playhouse, 3 Ave. at 68; Fri. through Mon., Aug. 2-5.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME (1934)—With W. C. Fields. (5th Avenue Playhouse, 5 Ave. at 12; Thurs., Aug. 1.)

NOTE—The Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53, is showing the following films weekdays at 4 P.M. and Sun. at 2 and 4 P.M.: "It Happened One Night," with Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, Thurs., Aug. 1; "Duck Soup," with the Marx Brothers, and "The Barber Shop," with W. C. Fields, Fri., Aug. 2; "The Sex Life of the Polyp," with Robert Benchley, and "Blonde Crazy," with Joan Blondell and James Cagney, Sat., Aug. 3; "The General," with Buster Keaton, Sun., Aug. 4; "Wedding Bells," with Raymond Griffith, Mon., Aug. 5; "The Strong Man," with Harry Langdon, Tues., Aug. 6; "The Freshman" and "High and Dizzy," both with Harold Lloyd, Wed., Aug. 7.

COMING EVENTS

(A selective list published in the first issue of each month for the convenience of foresighted readers.)

BOXING—Billy Conn vs. Bob Pastor, Polo Grounds, Aug. 13. . . . Henry Armstrong vs. Lew Jenkins, Madison Square Garden, Sept. 27.

DOG SHOWS—Wildwood Kennel Club, Saratoga Springs, Aug. 18. . . . Profile Kennel Club, Hampton Beach, N.H., Aug. 23. . . . North Shore Kennel Club, Hamilton, Mass., Aug. 24. . . . Lenox Kennel Club, Lenox, Mass., Aug. 31. . . . Ox Ridge Kennel Club, Darien, Conn., Sept. 2. . . . Tuxedo Kennel Club, Tuxedo Park, N.Y., Sept. 7. . . . Westchester Kennel Club, Rye, Sept. 8.

FOOTBALL—Eastern College All Stars vs. N.Y. Giants, Polo Grounds, Wed. Eve., Sept. 4.

GOLF—Canadian Open, Toronto, Aug. 15-17. . . . Metropolitan Junior, Montclair, N.J., Aug. 21-23. . . . National P.G.A. Championship, Hershey, Pa., Aug. 26-Sept. 1. . . . Sectional Qualifying Rounds for the National Amateur, Springfield, N.J., Aug. 27. . . . Westchester Open, Tuckahoe, Sept. 5-6. . . . National Amateur, Mamaroneck, Sept. 9-14.

HORSE SHOWS—North Shore, Stony Brook, L.I., Aug. 15-18. . . . Lake Placid, Aug. 17-18. . . . Cohasset Mass., Aug. 22-24. . . . Rhinebeck-Dutchess County, Rhinebeck, N.Y., Aug. 28-29. . . . Smithtown, L.I., Aug. 31.

HUNT RACES—Foxcatcher Hounds, Fair Hill, Md., Sept. 7. . . . Whitemarsh Valley Hunt Club, Flourtown, Pa., Sept. 21. . . . Meadow Brook Steeplechase Association, Westbury, Sept. 28.

POLO—National Open, Meadow Brook Club, Westbury, starting Sept. 7 (tentative).

RACING—Saratoga Springs, through Aug. 31. . . . Narragansett Park, Aug. 26-Oct. 5. . . . Aqueduct, Sept. 2-21.

SPEEDBOATS—Gold Cup Race, Northport, L.I., Aug. 17. . . . National Sweepstakes Regatta, Red Bank, N.J., Aug. 24-25.

TENNIS—Invitation Tournament, Newport, R.I., Aug. 12-17. . . . National Doubles, Chestnut Hill, Mass., Aug. 19-24. . . . National Singles, Forest Hills, Aug. 30-Sept. 7.

THEATRE—Some productions scheduled to open within the next month or two: "Broadway—1940," the Philip Dunning-George Abbott play "Broadway" brought up to date by Mr. Dunning; "Hold On to Your Hats," with Al Jolson, Martha Raye, and Jack Whiting, produced by Al Jolson and George Hale; "The Little Dog Laughed," a fantasy by Joseph Schrank and Harold J. Rome, with Philip Loeb and Paul Draper, staged and produced by Eddie Dowling; "Jupiter Laughs," by A. J. Cronin, with Jessica Tandy; "New Faces of 1940," a revue with Joe Cook and Patsy Kelly, produced by Leonard Sillman; "For the Rich They Sing," produced by Eddie Cantor.

TROTTING—Grand Circuit, Good Time Pk., Goshen, N.Y., Aug. 12-17 (Hambletonian, Aug. 14). . . . Night racing at Roosevelt Raceway, Westbury, L.I., Aug. 26-Sept. 28.

YACHTING—N.Y.Y.C. annual cruise, Aug. 11-21. . . . Astor Cup Race, Newport, Aug. 13. . . . N.Y.Y.C. annual regatta, Buzzards Bay, Aug. 15. . . . Cornfield Lightship and Stratford Shoals Races, City Island Y.C., Aug. 17. . . . King's Cup Race, N.Y.Y.C., at Marblehead, Aug. 20. . . . National Championships, Lightning Class, Riverside Y.C., Riverside, Conn., Aug. 28-30. . . . Vineyard Race, Stamford Y.C., Stamford, Conn., Aug. 30. . . . Overnight Stratford Shoals Race, Seawanhaka Corinthian Y.C., Oyster Bay, Aug. 31.

OTHER DATES—Mineola Fair, Sept. 24-28. . . . Quarterly federal income-tax payments, due Sept. 15. . . . Daylight Saving ends Sun., Sept. 29.

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THE WORLD'S FAIR

GENERAL INFORMATION

Gates open daily at 9 A.M. Admission: adults, 50 cents; children, 25 cents. Most shows in the exhibit, transportation, and foreign-federal areas open at 10 A.M. and close at 10 P.M., but some restaurants and bars there stay open later if trade warrants. Amusement area perks up in the late afternoon and keeps going until 2 A.M. . . . Fountain and fireworks displays nightly on the Lagoon at 9:15, on Liberty Lake at 10. . . . The places you most want to see are almost sure to be crowded, at least in good weather.

TRANSPORTATION

By Rail—The L.I.R.R.: the fastest way to get there. Daily shuttle service to exhibit-area gate. Trains every 10 or 15 minutes, 9 A.M. to 9:45 P.M., from Tracks 15 and 16, Penn. Station (L.I. side). From the Fair, trains every 15 or 20 minutes; last train leaves at 2:58 A.M. A 10- or 15-minute run. . . . **Independent Subway:** best for amusement area. Take Queens train marked "E" to Continental Ave. station, cross platform, board train marked "GG." A half-hour trip from midtown Manhattan. . . . I.R.T. and B.-M.T.: Flushing trains stop at exhibit-area gate.

By Auto—Cars not admitted to Fair. Parking lots, a short bus ride from gates, 25 cents a day. Triborough Bridge is pleasantest route from midtown Manhattan.

By Bus—Double-decker Fifth Avenue bus (No. 15) starts at 25th St., turns East on 57th St., and crosses the Queensboro Bridge, providing a slow but reasonably comfortable trip to the transportation-area gate.

At the Fair—Roller and motor chairs with guides may be hired. Buses and tractor-pulled trains of open coaches have regular routes about the grounds. Ferries operate across the lake to the Florida Building (I) from the docks near Heineken's (H) and American Jubilee (K).

ATTRACTIONS OF NOTE

(Be prepared for last-minute changes in programs and schedules.)

MORE OR LESS SERIOUS

Ford (G)—Once an hour, the Ballet Caravan puts on a gay little sketch suggesting that Mr. Ford, among others, has set the horse free. By day, a flock of tractors goes through a lively drill in a field outside and winds up by tilling the soil in earnest.

Gardens on Parade (A)—Lilies, roses, and the cactus garden are blooming now. Admission, 25 cents.

General Motors (F)—The queues of visitors waiting to see the Futurama on crowded days are a sight in themselves. Your chances of getting in are best on weekdays. Opens at 9 A.M.

House of Jewels (C)—It's wise to tackle this at off hours, too. Quantities of precious stones displayed to make the most of their costly glitter and glamour. Opens at 11 A.M., closes at 9 P.M.

Masterpieces of Art (C)—A show of some 400 canvases, ranging from the sixteenth to the twentieth century. Perhaps not quite what it was last year, but still good. Admission: 50 cents weekdays, 25 cents Sun.

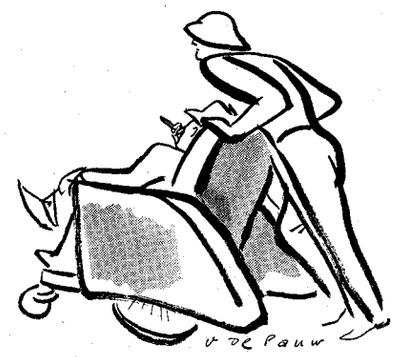
Railroads (F)—"Railroads on Parade," a historical pageant with real locomotives and Kurt Weill music, is shown daily at 11:30 A.M. and 1:30, 3:30, and 5:30 P.M. Admission, 25 and 55 cents. . . . "Railroads in Action," a thirty-minute show of model trains, runs continuously from 10:15 A.M. to 8:15 P.M.

Telephones (C)—Somebody's always winning a free phone call to the folks back home, and everybody's invited to taste the joys of a party wire by listening in. Then, too, there's the Voder, the machine that talks like a man.

Trylon and Perisphere—Inside the great sphere you get a rosy picture of the way we may, or may not, be living a few years hence. Admission, 25 cents.

World of Fashion (D)—A handsome display of fashions and feminine accessories arranged by some of the leading shops and designers in these parts. A fashion show, with models appearing in the latest gowns, is presented weekdays at 4:30 and 8 P.M.

Others of Interest—At **America at Home** (C): trick arrangements of model interiors, from which you may get some good ideas. . . . **American Art Today** (A): a lively WPA exhibit of paintings, sculptures, prints, and folk art, with artists on hand to show you how they work. . . . **Aviation** (G): up-to-the-minute fighting planes. . . . **Borden's** (D): cows without a care on their minds. . . . **Chrysler** (F): a talking car full of wisecracks, and an apparently three-dimensional movie of how a Plymouth is put together. . . . **Consolidated Edison** (D): a diorama of the city, with trains in action and everything. . . . **du Pont** (D): studious young men demonstrating how the test tube has created such things as nylon. . . . **Electric Utilities** (E): New York in its gaslit days. . . . **Electrified Farm** (A): just that. . . . **Firestone** (G): turning out tires on a real production line, and a menagerie of wild animals well displayed in a jungle setting. . . . **General Electric** (E): an artificial bolt of lightning that seems terrifyingly real; next door, calmer electrical tricks. . . . **Glass Center** (D): glass-blowers blowing glass. . . . **Goodrich** (F): daredevil driving, with a cast that includes two ladies; shows Mon. through Fri. at 11 A.M., noon, and 2, 4, 6, and 7 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. every hour from 11 A.M. to 7 P.M. . . . **Hall of Inventions** (D): the original models of what the bright minds of the nineteenth century thought up for the Patent Office. . . . **Kodak** (D): colored photographs impressively projected on several screens all at the same time. . . . **Petroleum** (D): if there's oil under Flushing, the full-sized derrick, endlessly drilling here, will surely find it. . . . **R.C.A.** (C): what's been going on in television. . . . **Stamp Exhibit,** in the British Building (A): an unusual assortment that was to have been exhibited in London this summer to commemorate the one-hundredth anniversary of the stick-on stamp. . . . **Westinghouse** (E): a flash of light killing the denizens of a drop of water in a show now called the Microblitzkrieg. . . . **Zoological Wonders** (H): in addition to a panda, an electric eel, and a colony of penguins, there's Mr. Beebe's old bathysphere.



A SELECTIVE GUIDE FOR THE INDULGENT FAIRGOER

A CODE LETTER, CORRESPONDING TO ONE ON THE MAP BELOW, INDICATES THE SECTION OF THE FAIR IN WHICH EACH PLACE MENTIONED IS TO BE FOUND. THIS LISTING COVERS THE PERIOD FROM THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, THROUGH WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 7.

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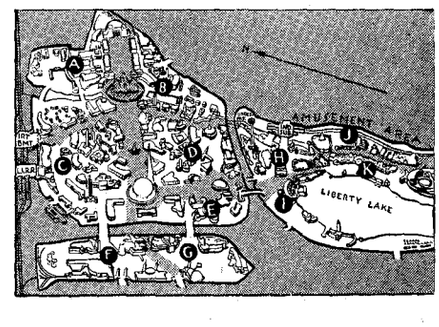
Foreign Buildings—All are in the foreign-federal area (A and B) unless otherwise noted. There are fewer of them this year, but among the attractive ones still open are those of Great Britain, Poland, Finland, Brazil, and, for the time being, France and Italy. The pavilions of Czecho-Slovakia, Denmark, and Sweden (D) are run by sympathetic private groups. As before, many of the buildings have restful gardens and pleasant bars.

State Exhibits—Most of these are cluttered up with statistics, but Florida's (I) has an inviting beach on the lake front and an inviting interior, too. New York's (I) offers some rare historical documents, and the New England group (B) shows a full-rigged ship, which children like to clamber over.



THAT GREAT WHITE WAY

American Jubilee (K)—A huge and rather heavy-handed historical pageant, with plenty of songs by Oscar Hammerstein II and Arthur Schwartz. Lucy Monroe, Ray Middleton, Wynn Murray, and Paul Haakon head the cast. Daily at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Aquacade (J)—Billy Rose has made some changes in his song-and-water hit of last year, but the general pattern remains the same and it's still one of the Fair's best shows. Eleanor Holm heads the large cast, which includes Buster Crabbe, Everett Marshall, and Vincent Lopez's orchestra. Daily at 3, 5, 8:30, and 10:45 P.M.

Gay New Orleans (H)—Michael Todd's sprawling arrangement of restaurants, bars, and an outdoor platform on which Negro and white revues, handsomely staged by Hassard Short, alternate almost continuously.

The Streets of Paris (H)—Gypsy Rose Lee stripping, frankly and amusingly, in the Fair's big Music Hall. Mon. through Fri. at 5, 8:45, and 10:30 P.M.; Sat. and Sun. at 3:30, 5:30, 8:30, and 10:30 P.M.

Zombie (J)—Music and drinks in a tropical setting—a sidekick of the Beachcomber on Broadway. There's a rumba band in the garden every night except Mon., and John Kirby's orchestra plays at the bar on Fri., Sat., and Mon. Eves.

Some Other Places—At **Barbary Coast** (J): Kay Parsons and other musical folk leading the customers in harmonizing, more or less, on the old chestnuts. . . . **Dancing Campus** (I): an outdoor dance floor for the antic young and those who like to ape or watch them; dancing from about 6 P.M. on. . . . **Jungleland** (J): an excellent zoo, plenty of trained-animal acts in a tent, and elephants to ride upon. . . . **Midget Town** (H): Morris Gest's troupe of small folk in a miniature village. . . . **Odditorium** (K): Ripley's "Believe It or Not" collection of strange people. . . . **Parachute Jump** (H): they drop you twenty floors, and once you start going up you can't change your mind. . . . **Wall of Death** (K): hair-raising stunts by motorcyclists on the vertical walls of a motordrome. . . . **Winter Wonderland** (J): a show done on skates, skis, and toboggans; frequent performances during the late afternoon and evening.

RESTAURANTS

(This is a list of some eating places at the Fair which, for one reason or another—frequently the setting—seem to call for special notice, but there are many others equally satisfactory. The service at any of them may be sketchy during hours when they're crowded.)

Ballantine's (H): the veteran of the amusement area, providing food without too many frills and offering a new outdoor bar. . . . **Belgian Building** (B): an awninged terrace, with one of the best views of the Lagoon show. . . . **Brazilian Building** (A): lilting music most of the time and dancing at dinner. . . . **French Building** (A): happily, this well-loved restaurant is staying open. . . . **Gardens on Parade** (A): simple, satisfying fare in a shaded outdoor setting, and, because there's an admission fee, less likely to be crowded. . . . **Heineken's** (H): Dutch cooking, but, unfortunately, no more Holland beer. . . . **Hungarian Pavilion** (A): you can get goulash at the standup bar or retire to the restaurant upstairs for a greater variety of those good paprika dishes. . . . **Iraq Pavilion** (A): what's good in Arabia is good here. . . . **McGinnis** (C): sea food and charcoal-broiled steaks in rambling, informal surroundings. . . . **Norwegian Building** (B): you won't want to miss the *smörgåsbord*. . . . **Pabst** (K): a lakeside, tree-shaded setting gives this modest beer garden a lift. . . . **Polish Building** (A): they haven't much left in the way of supplies from the home country, but the cooking's just as good as it ever was. . . . **Ponce de Leon Patio** (I): real Spanish dishes served against the Florida Building's tropical background. . . . **Ruby Foo's Lama Temple** (J): you ought to like Chinese cooking in this setting even if you never liked it before. . . **Rumania** (B): the restaurant and garden are delightful, and the food is good enough. . . . **Swedish Building** (D): snacks in a large courtyard; more elaborate meals inside. . . . **Swiss Building** (A): gaily informal, either indoors or out under the maples. . . . **Washington Hall** (K): the screened veranda overlooking the lake has a more leisurely air about it than you'd perhaps expect to find in the amusement area.

The following are also recommended: British Buttery (A), Childs (F), Czecho-Slovakian Pavilion (B), Finnish Pavilion (A), Gay New Orleans (H), Schaefer Center (D), Turf-Trylon Restaurant (C), Winter Wonderland (J), and World of Fashion (D).

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● *Actual color photograph—Dewey Huffines chants "Sold American!"—and Luckies get another pile of ripe, golden leaf!*

Luckies' finer tobaccos mean less nicotine

Authoritative tests reveal that Luckies' finer tobaccos contain less nicotine than any other leading brand!

Here's the natural result of buying finer, selected cigarette tobacco for Lucky Strike. The average nicotine content of Luckies, for over two years, has been 12% less than the average of the four other leading brands★—less than any one of them.

This fact is proven by authoritative tests which have been confirmed from time to time by independent laboratories.

You see, each year we exhaustively analyze tobaccos before purchase. Thus our buyers can select the leaf that is ripe and mellow, yet mild and low in nicotine content—then buy it up.

The result—a cigarette of finer tobaccos—mild and mellow, with a naturally lower nicotine content.

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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From January 1938 through March 1940, Lucky Strike has had an average nicotine content of 2.02 parts per hundred—averaging 9.82% less nicotine content than Brand A; 21.09% less than Brand B; 15.48% less than Brand C; 3.81% less than Brand D.

With men who know tobacco best—it's *LUCKIES 2 TO 1*

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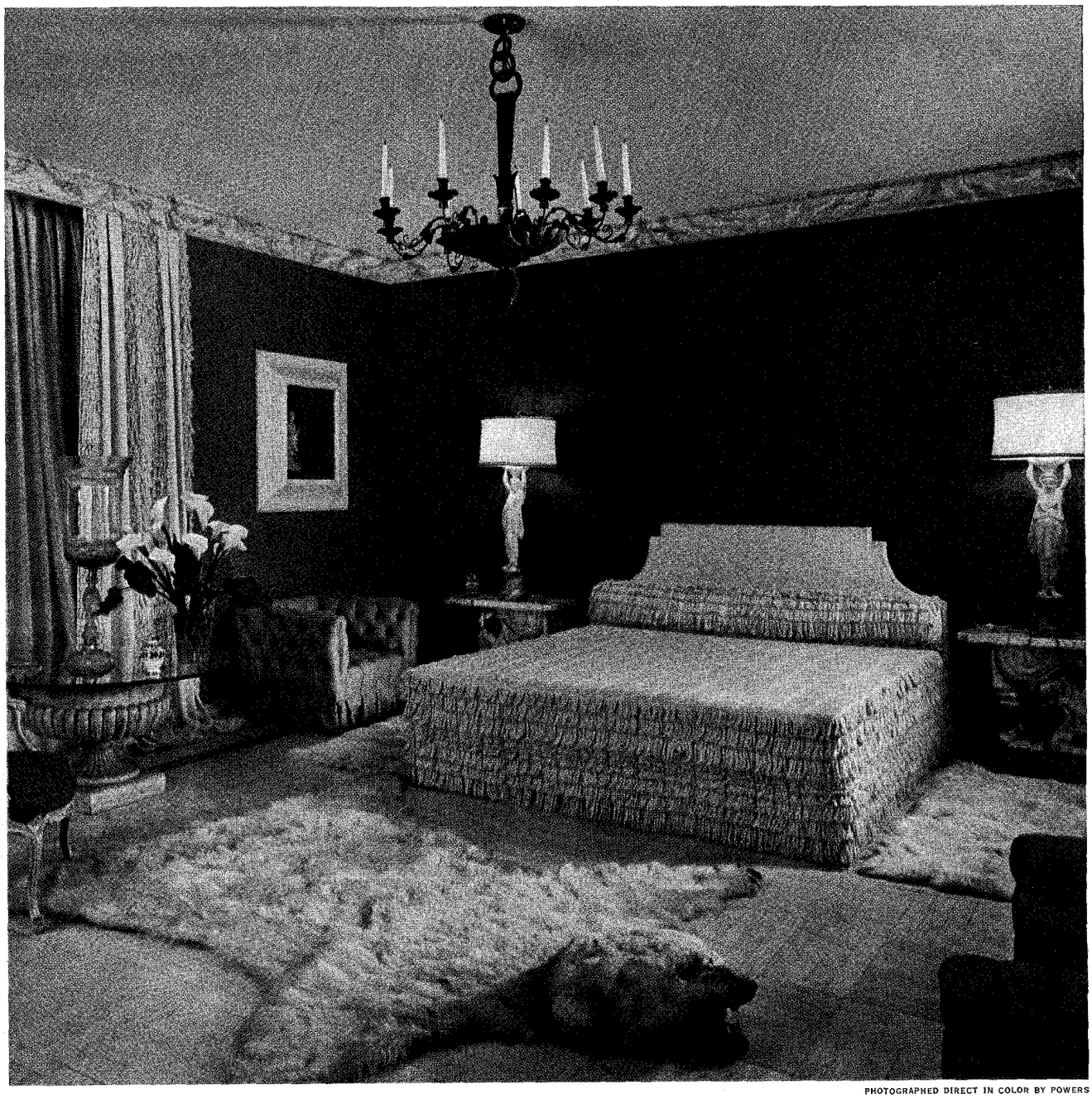

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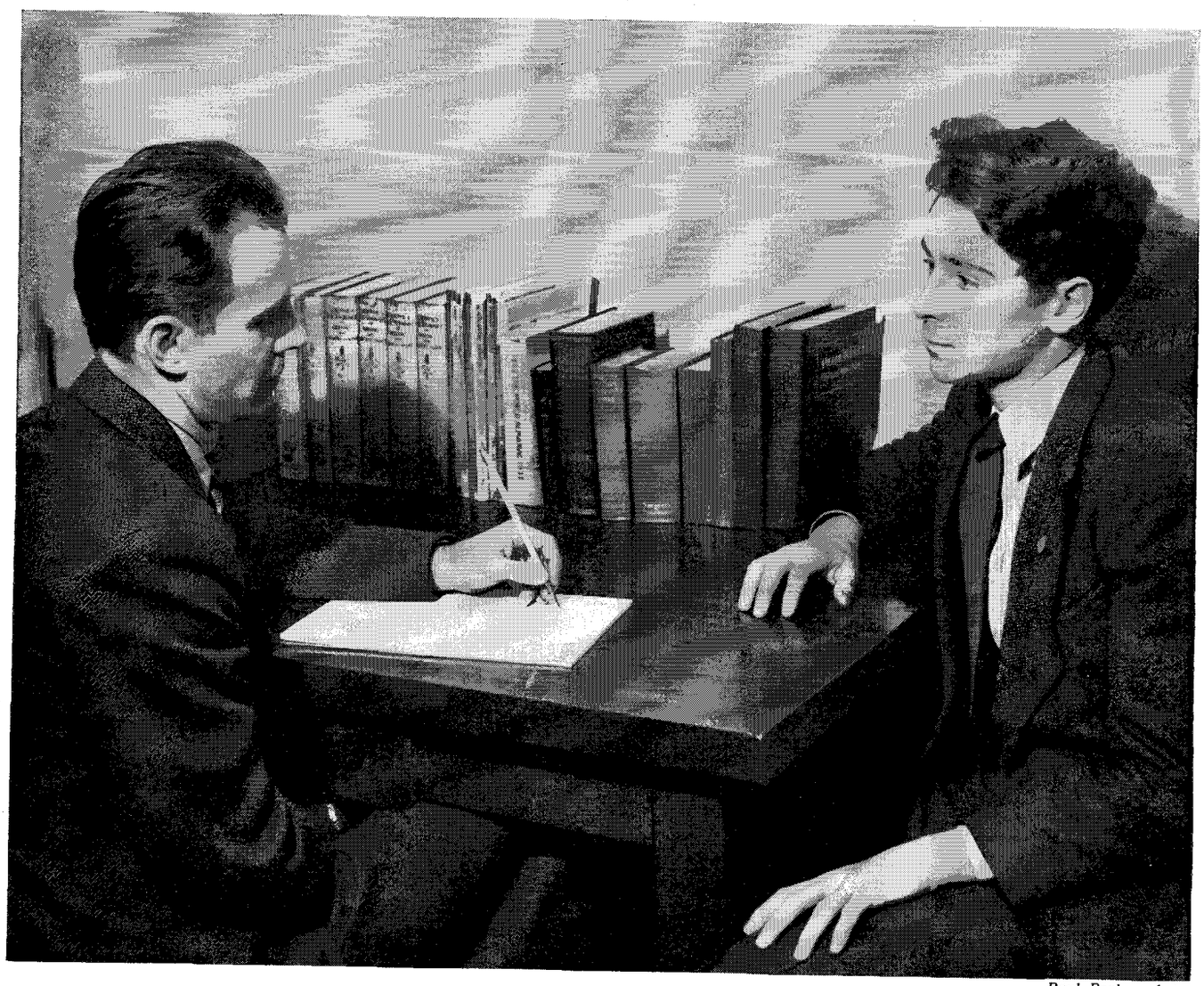

Paul Parker photos

To the Land of Jobs

This lad is ambitious and self-respecting. He wants to work and get ahead. And, thanks to the help of the counselor, he now knows what he's fitted for—and where the opportunities lie. But he must have more training . . . and his family needs every cent for food and lodging. Free courses? Yes. But how about books and carfare?

That's where YOU can help. A $10 scholarship will carry him for a month. A $100 scholarship will do it for a year. And every cent of your scholarship money will go direct to a worthy boy or girl . . . who might not otherwise be able to qualify for a job.

Perhaps you've been wondering, "Is there anything I can do to help young people get jobs?" Here is your answer. Your scholarship will provide further training . . . which may end in a job. And you will be helping some boy or girl who badly needs your help—without regard to race, color or creed—in the American way!

Your contribution is deductible in computing your income tax return. It should be made out to

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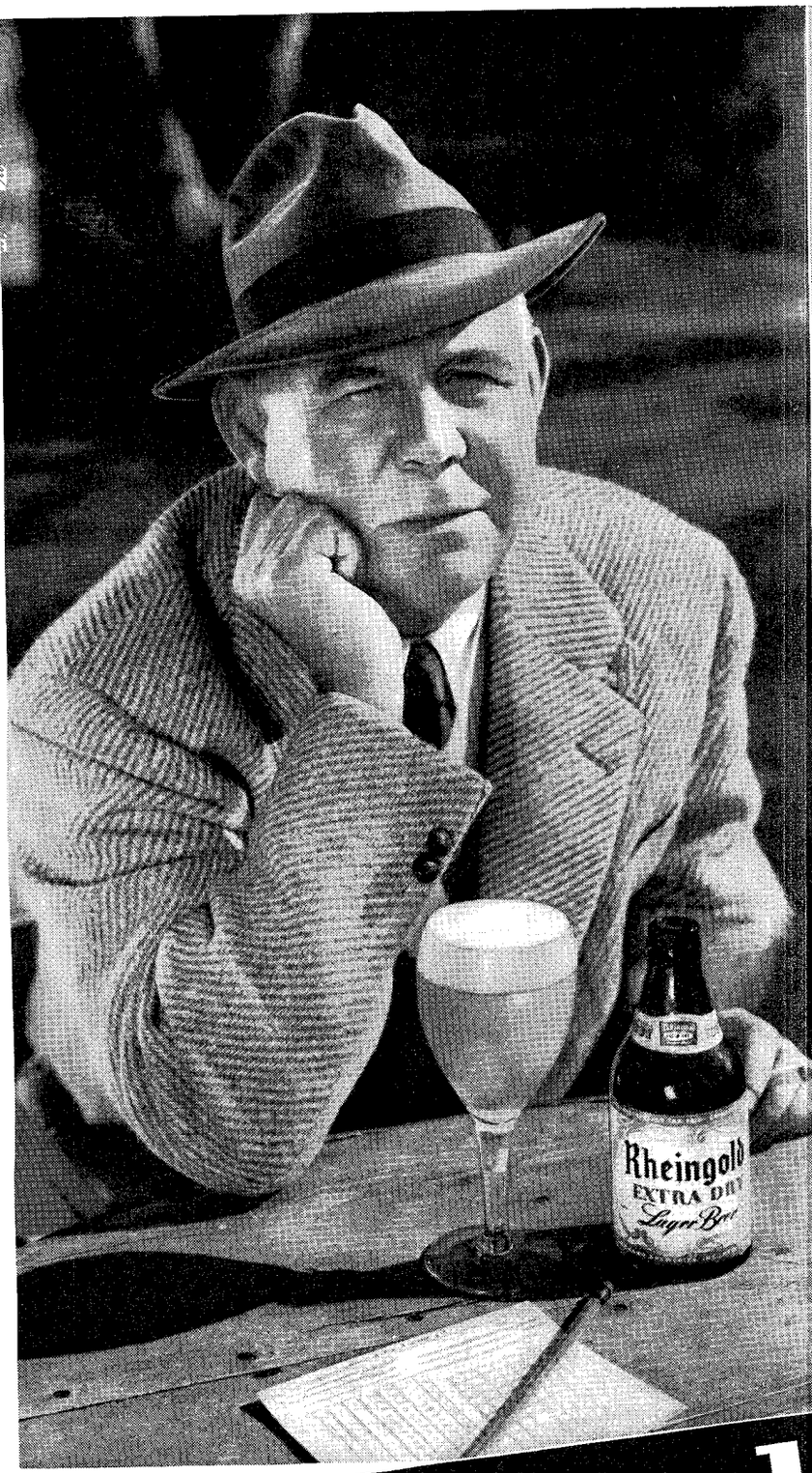

Photograph by Paul Hesse

"MY BEER IS THE DRY BEER!"

says

GRANTLAND RICE

celebrated sports authority who favors Rheingold Extra Dry

- **A Quicker Quencher ... because it's NOT SWEET**
- **The beer for beer-lovers ... because it's LIGHT**
- **Perfect companion for savory foods ... because it's DRY**

More than a hundred years ago when reporters covered championship events by horse and buggy, we were already making fine beer. Today Grantland Rice, dean of American sports writers, hails New York's champion "quicker quencher" —Rheingold Extra Dry Lager Beer. It's so popular that it's being featured at a great many new places this season. There must be one near you.

Rheingold

EXTRA DRY

Lager Beer – Not Sweet

BREWED BY *Liebmann Breweries,*
BREWERS FOR OVER 100 YEARS EST. 1837 – IN NEW YORK 1855

Rheingold Extra Dry Lager Beer is on sale in bottles, cans and on tap at all good taverns and package stores throughout the East.
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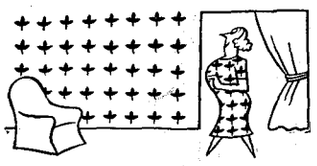
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

"WE shall fight with the utmost tenacity until wrong has been vanquished—God's time is now at hand," hopefully cried the wasted King of Kings, Conquering Lion of Judah, two years after his land was voted out of existence by the League, one week after it was voted back into some kind of existence by Great Britain. "You have our permission now to do what you can to help us against our adversaries," replied the British government, in effect, "and just possibly your country may find itself right back where it started. We can't promise you anything personally, but then, one never knows. Good luck." Good luck—though we don't know what shape it can take; independent statehood strikes us as a precarious blessing to wish on any little people, no matter what big nation turns out to be the conquering lion this time.

"I FELT it was no time to think of my face when the world was in such trouble," said Edna Wallace Hopper, explaining why she had waited until now to have her face lifted instead of getting it done last year. We like this spirit. We like to know that the best people in this nation are not only conscious of Armageddon but also prepared to do everything in their power for the cause of freedom. Miss Hopper is by no means an isolated case. The trend is everywhere. Over at the Fiesta Danceteria at Broadway and Forty-second Street, for instance, chicken à la king has been removed from the menu and chicken à la president substituted in the interest of democracy, and just the other day Miss Carol Bruce, of the cast of "Louisiana Purchase," accompanied by a well-known band-leader and a good many cats and dogs, spent twenty minutes in an air-raid shelter up near the George Washington Bridge to see what it felt like. At Essex House, the lady tenants are showing an increasing tendency to wear dresses that match the wallpaper, thus rendering themselves practically invisible in case of attack, and Edmund Goodman, president of Finch-



ley's, has reported that customers no longer buy walking sticks, feeling them too festive in a sorrowful time. The most encouraging sign, however, comes from Café Society itself, which will shortly issue its own *Social Register*, containing "the names, addresses, and telephone numbers of glamorous characters from Maine to California." The purpose of this collection, based sheerly on the intangible ingredients of charm, is to bring the possessors of all the wit, grace, style, and beauty in the Republic into closer contact with their own kind. In a day when Nazi bunds and Communist cells flourish darkly everywhere, it is encouraging to realize that aristocracy, too, is forming its own tight little group. We feel safer, somehow, knowing Zerbe is on guard.

IT will be a long time before we forget the great baby crawling race at the Fair. The crawling began in confusion after an hour's delay in the sun, on one of the hottest days in the mem-

ory of man. It began in tears and went on in tears, and in the sun, for an hour and a half, and it began over and over again. The babies broke out in spots. They got lost among the spectators. Mothers wept, fathers swore, press agents and cameramen shouted and officiated. Somebody stepped on a baby. In the end, the winner was forgotten and the prizes neglected in a vast, perspiring argument. Reading about it, we wondered if it might not have been a rather subtle Fifth Column job. It would be hard to imagine an exhibition which could have done less for democracy. Faith in democracy demands faith in people in general, even love for them. We love democracy, but our contact with the great baby race, second-hand though it was, turned the lamp of our love for everybody down to within an inch of its life.

WE don't know what William Saroyan is doing at the moment, but if he's hard up for characters for his new play, there have been some fine ones lately in the papers. Take Miss Winifred Moore of Hattiesburg, Mississippi, for instance, who can read Braille music with her feet while playing the piano with her hands. Or perhaps the census-taker in Watchung, New Jersey, who finished his job and then disappeared from mortal view, taking his findings with him. Or the Rev. Raimundo de Ovies, dean of the Episcopal Cathedral of St. Philip, in Atlanta, who taught his Bible classes by drawing comic-strip characters on a blackboard, proving among other things that the Holy Family was not unlike Baby Dumpling and Daisy the Dog. Then there was the undergraduate at the University of North Carolina who fired five shots at his girl, missing her but bringing down two bystanders, and then remarked that he hoped this performance wouldn't disqualify him as editor of his college humorous magazine. And the juror in Trenton whose vote for conviction was upheld by the court, although he was removed to an insane asylum at

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the conclusion of the trial. And, finally, Commander Earl Winfield Spencer, first husband of the Duchess of Windsor, who was divorced by his current wife on the ground that he talked Chinese when drunk. They're all yours, William. Take 'em away.

The Winner!

THE last time a Willkie tangled with a Roosevelt was way back in —let's see now—1802. This one spelled his name "Wilkie," but he was a big-money guy, too. He held somebody's note, which bore Roosevelt's endorsement. Mr. Somebody collapsed financially, and Wilkie sued Roosevelt for the dough. Roosevelt's defence was an accusation of usury against Wilkie. After two trials, in both of which the jury found for Wilkie, the matter reached the Supreme Court of New York, which, by a three-to-two decision, reversed the jury and granted Roosevelt a new trial. The terms of the decision were so plainly pro-Roosevelt that the lower court which got the retrial gave Roosevelt the verdict. You'll find it all in 3 Johnson's Cases (N.Y.) at page 206, 2 Am. Dec. 149.

Traffic Control

AS we were returning to town over the George Washington Bridge the other evening, we saw a sign reading "Highway Radio Ahead. Tune 550 on Your Dial." We did so immediately and heard a commanding voice say, "Attention, eastbound motorists. Keep your radios tuned to 550 kilocycles, at the end of your dials, for radio instructions in traffic routings as you cross the bridge." This was followed by an explanation of the way motorists should make their exit from the bridge, according to where they were bound. The message lasted, we were told later, exactly fifty-eight seconds, and after a two-second pause began all over again. By that time we were so steeped in astonishment that we found ourself embedded in the wrong lane, bound for Albany. We eventually got downtown, however, and the next day learned that the radio traffic guide has been in operation since June 21st and is the work of a visionary young scientist named William Halstead. It is known officially as the Halstead Traffic Control and this is its first public appearance. One thing led to another and we were invited to drive up to the bridge with Mr. Halstead, and we did. We went in his car, which has a two-way radio, useful in various kinds of radio-and-traffic experiments he is engaged in. On the way up he explained his scheme to us, with considerable scientific terminology and little scientific detachment. "I feel as excited as if I were having a baby," he said.

We stopped on the bridge beside a gray box of about our own height which stood between the roadways near the west tower. The broadcast issues from this, being words recorded on a steel tape of high magnetic retentivity and practically endless durability. As the tape turns in the box, the broadcast takes to the air from a wire running 3,900 feet along the guard rail at the north side of the eastbound roadway, and is picked up by such passing motorists as are tuned in. The radio waves are so weak that they can be picked up only thirty-five or forty feet from the point of departure. Cars on the westbound lanes can barely pick them up. The message is repeated continuously every minute from 7 A.M. to 11 P.M., a total of 960 times.

Mr. Halstead told us that his idea is to do away with most traffic signs in the world and give motorists better advice by radio than they could ever get by signs. A company called the Radio Development & Research Corp. has been assisting him in developing the invention. It is being used experimentally by the Port of New York Authority, which has had trouble with traffic leaving bridges and tunnels. Mr. Halstead said he'd been assured that the trouble at the east end of the George Washington Bridge has been less of late, because drivers knew where they were going when they got there and didn't slow down to read signs. Mr. Halstead's idea is that his device should be installed at all places where motorists face complications ahead. New messages can be recorded and switched on at will to meet changing conditions, such, say, as ice ahead or wet pavements.

The text of the broadcast at the George Washington Bridge was altered during the first week, the original version, made by a radio announcer, having omitted a few details it was decided were necessary. Mr. Halstead happened to be around at the time and he uttered the revised instructions. Since then he's been going up there twice a day to check on his device and hear himself tell himself where to go next.

Duenna

A YOUNG lady who has been living under the parental roof in Closter, New Jersey, and working in New York decided to live in town for a spell. Somebody recommended a certain "residence club," genteel and heavily endowed by charitable old ladies, so she went around to have a look at the rooms. She was shown about by a nice, elderly house mother who asked, after the tour of inspection was over, if there were any questions. "May I have guests in my room?" the girl inquired. "You may have girls in your room," the house mother said, severely, "but not . . . *the other*." "Oh, I didn't mean *that!*" the girl cried, dropping into the idiom. After thinking it over, she has decided to stay in Closter, where she can say "man" right out loud if she wants to, even at the dinner table.

Maps

MAPMAKING, as might be expected, is a cloudy and uncertain matter these days. We went around to see how a couple of mapmaking firms are doing and found them depressed. Sales are away down, for one thing. At Rand McNally, Andrew McNally III, vice-president and a great-grandson of the founder, told us that during last September his firm sold more maps of Europe than it had in the preceding twenty years—over a million of them. People apparently gave up trying to keep abreast of things, however, and sales slumped rapidly. Now there's a lull, with everybody waiting for the final score. It's practically the same story at the Hammond map company, though they're doing a fairly brisk trade in special war maps, which you can mark up from day to day. Mapmakers have been offering a new commodity, we discovered—pushpins with heads designed to indicate mined areas, fortifications, tank traps, etc. Rand McNally, who do a big trade in globes, are wanly offering a series of decalcomania appli-

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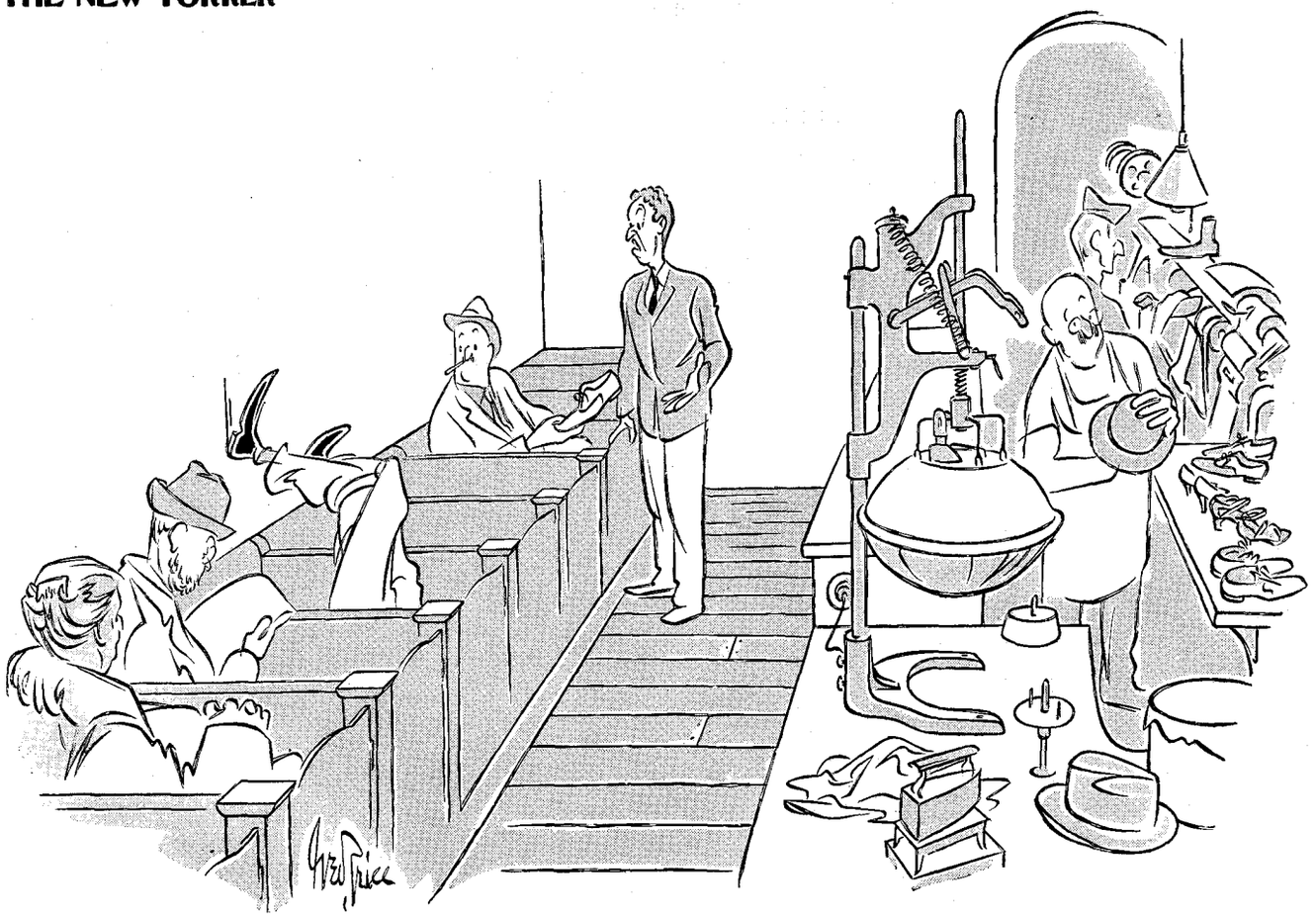

"He's having his hat repaired."

• •

cations with which you transform Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Austria into Greater Germany, Ethiopia into Italian East Africa, and Albania into an Italian possession. The most popular Hammond war baby is a Self-Revising Atlas, which includes a coupon entitling the purchaser to a supplement, to be issued when the war is over.

Sometimes the mapmakers get squeezed by international policies of the United States. It used to be the general practice not to recognize conquests until after the Department of State had done so. Well, the Department of State has never recognized Manchukuo, but you have to get a Japanese visa in order to go there. Therefore, Manchukuo is Japanese on some American maps. It's the same story with Ethiopia. Poland is still a puzzle. All that the mapmakers know is that it's divided up between Germany, Russia, and Lithuania, which now belongs to Russia. Mapmakers do not recognize invasions; maps are changed only when territory is handed over by treaty, after a war, or, of course, when our government recognizes a conquest. Thus, the Finnish territory ceded to Russia is so marked, because it was done by treaty, whereas Norway, France, etc., are not officially German in spite of the German occupation.

It's disturbing to business and to the corporate peace of mind that the map of Europe has changed as much as it has, but the fact remains that the detailed maps of this country change much more than that every year, and involve more work. An average of three thousand changes in place names occur every year and there are hundreds of new post offices, new highways or improvements on old ones, boom towns rising near oil wells or engineering projects, and the like. Two thousand miles of railroad track are abandoned every year, almost as fast as it was laid two generations ago, and this must be indicated. Indicating Hitler's progress is a cinch compared to this sort of fussing.

Classic

WE'VE heard of a little girl on the upper West Side who is this summer, for the first time, interested in books. The other afternoon she asked permission to go to the public library to get a book all the other little girls were reading. "What book is that, dear?" her mother asked. " 'Elsie Dinsburg,' " said the tot.

Virtuoso

LET us begin by taking it for granted that Larry Adler is the best harmonica player in the world, a distinction for which he is qualified by his appearance as soloist with several symphony orchestras, and by the fact that several modern composers—Mario Castelnuovo-Tedesco, Carlos Chavez, and Aaron Copland—are writing music for him. George Gershwin was so delighted with Adler's harmonica rendition of the solo part of his "Rhapsody in Blue" that he promised to compose a concerto for Adler, but he died with it unwritten. Cyril Scott has composed a musical tribute called "Serenade to Larry Adler," which Adler once played at a concert, blushing like mad.

Adler is to be seen at the Waldorf's Starlight Roof ($1 cover; $1.50 Sat.), and just closed in the revue "Keep Off the Grass." It was on the roof that we approached him for the story of his

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"Now what I want to see tonight, men, is that fine quality of grit. No talk about bears!"

• •

life. Well, he was born twenty-six years ago, in Baltimore, the son of a plumber. Up to the time he was fourteen, he displayed no interest in music. Then he heard that the Baltimore *Sun* was running a harmonica contest for boys and decided, for some obscure reason, to learn to play the harmonica and enter the contest. In three weeks and a half, he whipped up a harmonica version of Beethoven's "Minuet in G" and (you guessed it) walked off with first prize. Then he came to New York—this would be in 1928—and got a series of none-too-remunerative vaudeville bookings, always appearing dressed in rags and announced as a local bootblack who won't get any dinner unless you give him a good hand, folks. After that, he made appearances under the respective wings of Gus Edwards, Eddie Cantor, and Florenz Ziegfeld. In Ziegfeld's "Smiles," which was quite a flop, he played while Fred Astaire danced, a collaboration which would undoubtedly get a lot more attention now than it did then.

In 1934, he was signed up by Charles Cochran, the English Ziegfeld. Since then, he has been a top-flight night-club and revue performer abroad. He has played command performances before Edward VIII and George VI, and has made over forty records in England. His versions of Gershwin's "Rhapsody" and Ravel's "Bolero," each accompanied by a thirty-piece orchestra, sold around 400,000 recordings apiece. In 1938 and 1939, he toured Africa and Australia, arriving on these shores last January. In addition to an international reputation, he has also acquired an English wife and a nine-months-old daughter. They live in Bronxville, and Adler commutes by Cadillac. He doesn't set any part of the day aside for practice or study; just carries a harmonica in his pocket and plays all the time. He can play anything that he has heard once; he heard Bach's Double Violin Concerto in D minor recently, and now he's scouting around for a symphony orchestra that's game for an experiment. He plays an ordinary Hohner chromatic harmonica, which the Hohner company (if nobody else) calls a Chromonica. He has two hundred instruments, supplied gratis by Hohner in return for the use of his name in advertising, and wears one out at every performance. A harmonica is never the same after a workout with Adler; goes flat. Sometimes Adler is affected, too; he broke a front tooth while recording the "Rhapsody in Blue." Adler can't read music, nor can he explain how he manages to make a harmonica sound like a violin, oboe, or French horn. "I think it the way I want to hear it, and it comes out that way," he told us.

Hospitality

A WRITER we know arrived in Hollywood and checked in, dog-tired, at a hotel. As soon as he was comfortably submerged in the bathtub, the telephone rang. The voice was that of a charming young lady. "This is the Hospitality Department," she said. "Is everything all right?" The guest said yes, everything was dandy. He added that he had never heard of a hotel having a hospitality department, and asked what her duties involved. "Oh, I just call up the guests and ask if everything is all right," she said.

Behind the Stockade

VISITORS to the World's Fair, distracted by gaudier phenomena, are inclined, we are afraid, to take the more commonplace Boy Scouts for granted. There's no telling how many folks leave Flushing Meadows without going near the Boy Scout Service Camp, tucked away behind the United States Government Building and the Ecuador Pavil-

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ion. This is the headquarters for the uniformed lads with the orange-and-blue World's Fair neckerchiefs who are to be seen around the grounds running errands, giving directions, or just seeing the sights like a civvy. We dropped in at the camp on a recent afternoon to see what the Scouts' home life was like. Two boys were stationed at the opening in the stockade which surrounds their little village, and as we approached, two diminutive Sea Scouts, members of another branch of the service, went in ahead of us. They eyed the sentries coldly and were eyed coldly in return. No salutes were exchanged. Inside, we found that tents and tepees, the boys' sleeping quarters, lined the streets and that there were also an orange-and-blue-striped exhibit tent and three or four rustic, semi-log cabins which housed the dining room, the kitchen, and the rooms of the resident staff.

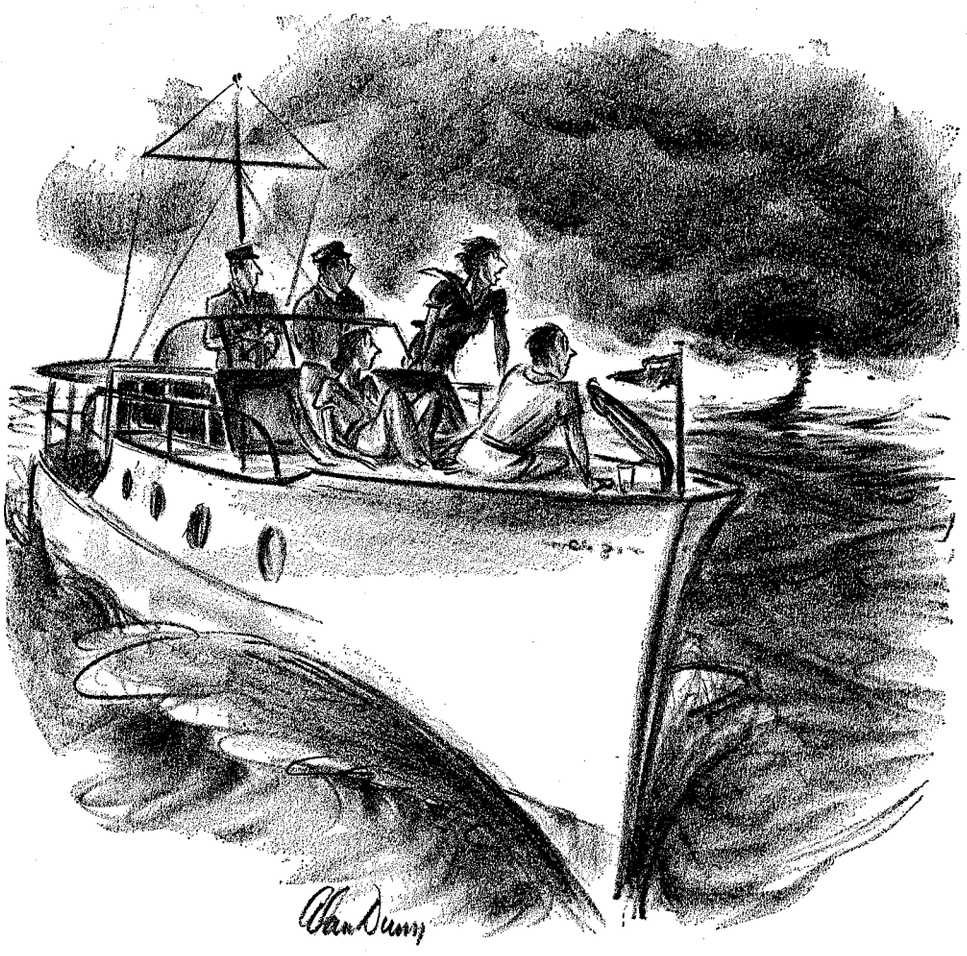
We sought out the Camp Director, Mr. Howard Patton, in his office in one of the cabins and got a few details of the camp's organization. There are accommodations, he told us, for about a hundred and fifty boys, each of whom pays $11.50 for a week's stay. A new contingent comes in every week. The one in camp during our visit included Scouts from Middleburg, Kentucky, and San Rafael, California. Each Scout spends four hours a day on camp duties and four hours performing various services for the Fair; the Scouts have acted as escorts to such notables as Tallulah Bankhead, Gene Autry, Mayor La-Guardia, and Mmes. Sara and Eleanor Roosevelt, as well as sundry groups visiting the Fair en masse. Mr. Patton mentioned the Youth Pioneers as one of these groups, but then decided that couldn't be right. "They're a Communist outfit," he said, thinking it over. During our conversation, one of Mr. Patton's assistants came in with a problem. "Scout Patterson of Alabama wants to know if it's O.K. to stay over a week without hearing from his parents," he told his chief. "As long as they know where he is, he can stay at least until he hears from them," Mr. Patton said. "He's one of the older boys."

Strolling through the camp, we were attracted by the sound of cheers coming from one of the cabins, and a Scout sitting in front of his tepee reading the *Journal & American* comic section told us that some of the fellows were being instructed in the camp yell and other essentials. We peered inside the tepee and saw that it had a wooden floor, three cots, a mirror, and a few hooks with khaki shirts and shorts hanging from them. Items of equipment, such as flashlights, first-aid kits, and jackknives, were laid out neatly on the cots. We also took a look at the exhibits in the exhibit tent, finding that they consist mainly of lighted colored photographs of Scouts in the city, Scouts in the woods, and Scouts at sea. Two more sentries were posted in the tent, presumably to answer questions, but the only guests besides ourself were the two Sea Scouts we had seen earlier, who were maintaining their air of distant reserve.

By the time we came out, afternoon inspection was in progress. The boys were lined up in front of their quarters, standing more or less at attention. There was a good deal of back-scratching and shifting of weight from one foot to the other. One Scout, surveying the group opposite him, finally detected a flaw. "Hey, George," he pointed out, "you've got your hat on backward." "Don't be technical," said George, adjusting his hat. On our way to the gate we overheard part of a lively discussion which was evidently delaying the appearance for inspection of the inmates of one of the tents. "I'll bet you six bits," came a shrill, challenging voice, "you don't marry the dame."

Nonentity

A HOLDUP or a grade-crossing mishap—no matter what—occurred upstate last week, and an editor on one of the New York newspapers remembered that they had a local correspondent in the region, a man who sent in occasional items and got paid space rates. The office files disclosed that this man, a Mr. Prblwycz, had no telephone, but could generally be reached at Ed's Garage. After a good deal of bother, the editor got through to Ed's Garage, and after a good deal more bother, he got to talk to a man who said he was Mr. Prblwycz. The editor crisply instructed him to hop over and dig up some eyewitness stuff on the story, but Prblwycz didn't seem to get the idea—didn't, in fact, seem very familiar with the newspaper business. "Listen," the editor said finally. "Aren't you our local correspondent?" "I been trying to tell you, Mister," the other fellow said. "I'm *nobody*."



"Dear me! To think that this could happen in 1940!"

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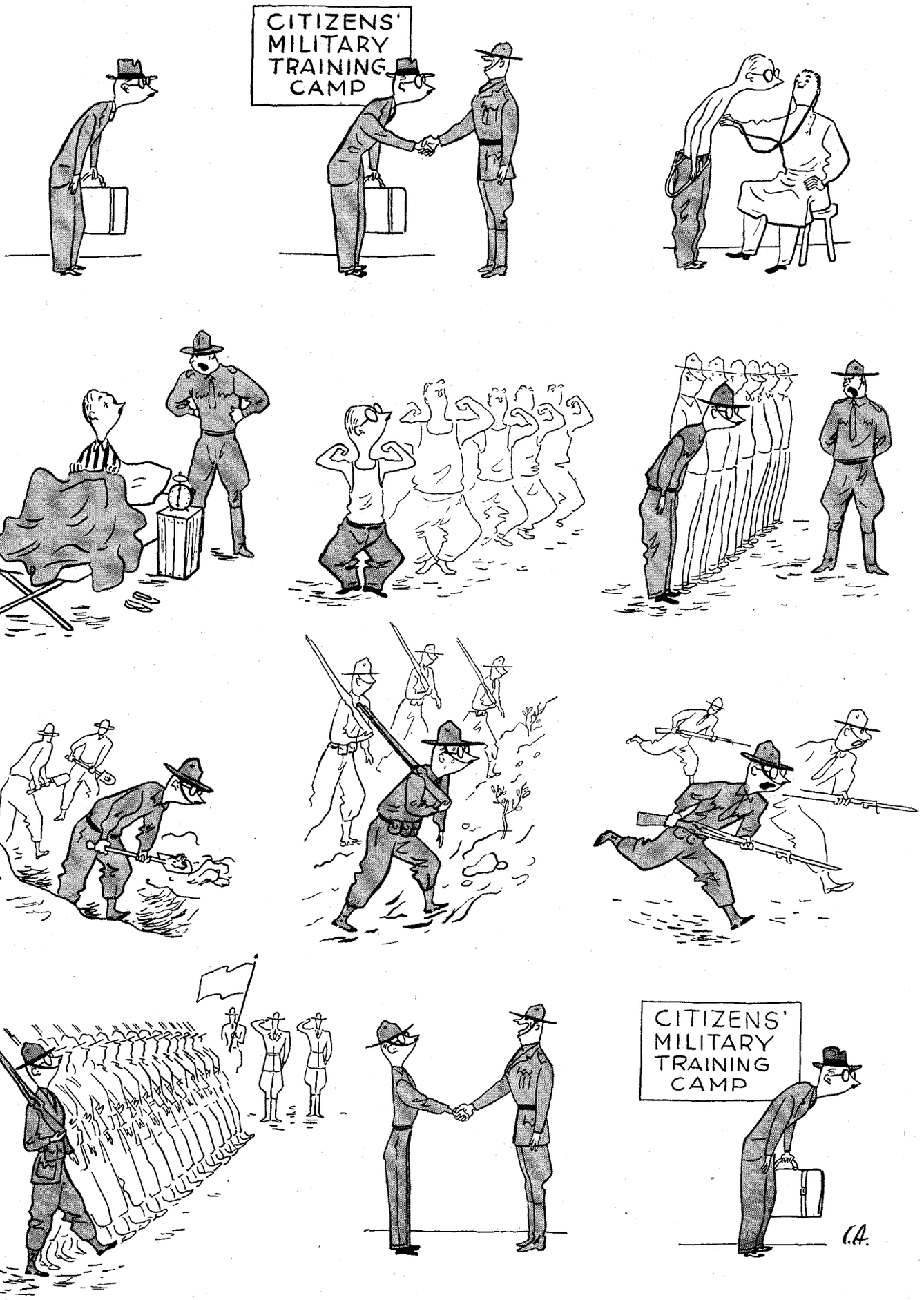

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TOMORROW IS A BEAUTIFUL DAY

"JIMMY says they've scratched Jamboree," the girl said. She put down the receiver. "You know, Joe," she said, "we've got to give Jimmy something pretty soon the way he looks at us when we come into the dining room."

"Jimmy's all right," the man said. He shook the *Morning Telegraph*. "Jimmy knows we'll tip him plenty when we get the money. I've always been a big tipper. And that's swell about Jamboree. That's the way my hunch went: they'd scratch Jamboree at the last minute and run Diomed alone. We'll get a price now." He laid the paper across his knees. The news had made him very happy. "I'll buy you a fur coat," he said, "and a bottle of that perfume. What do they call it?"

"Fleurs de Rocailles."

"Fleurs de Rocailles. And we'll tip Jimmy."

"They're wearing skirts so much shorter now," she said quietly. She was standing by the small mirror, hitching her skirt up a little the way chorus girls do to show their knees. "If I only had something decent to wear out to the track—just one dress. If Mother would only give me back my clothes at least." She turned a little, looking over her shoulder to see how the dress would look in back if it were shortened. "If she'd only give me back the blue one. She paid a hundred dollars for it and I only wore it twice. I had it on the day we met. Remember? If she'd only give me back my clothes. After all, I bought a lot of them with my own allowance."

"Forget about her," he said. "We don't want anything she has."

"The funny part of it is," the girl said, "that it really *was* snowing." She sat down at the dressing table, put a towel over her shoulders, and began combing out her fine yellow hair.

"Snowing?" he asked. "When was it snowing?"

"The night I took you out to Larchmont and told her we were married. When she kicked us out of the house. The funny part of it was that it was snowing. Just like in the movies. I remember when we took the taxi back to the station it was snowing."

"Oh," he said. He began reading the *Telegraph* again. He was in his thirties, sandy-haired, with a credulous, open face that was worth three days' credit in any good hotel if he hadn't been drinking too much. "We're going to clean up on Diomed," he said without expression, as if he were thinking aloud. "And we'll give Jimmy his tips and pay the taxi-driver and tell off your old lady and my old man. Our bad luck has got to break. It always has. Remember at Tropical Park we went in the hole twenty days running? I'm sure of Diomed."

"You'll spoil your eyes," she said, "reading that fine type. And you better put your pants on. It's late." When she had finished her hair, she colored her upper lip and then pursed her lips to spread the color. It was a very hot day, but she looked cool. She held her face close to the glass, making up her eyes. There was something practiced and efficient in the movement of her hands that reminded him of a pharmacist removing a speck of dust from somebody's eye.

"When we get through here," he said, "we'll go down to Belmont. Maybe we can make Havana this year. The climate ought to be good for you. Didn't the doctor say something about the sun? The track there is lousy, but you'd like Havana. I guess you can go swimming." He took his pants from the foot of the bed and stepped into them. "It's hot as hell in Cuba, but you can go swimming and get a tan."

They were already late for the first race and the small hotel had quieted down. The race track had drained the hotel and the town of their life. In the silence they heard the clop-clop of a horse's hoofs. It was one of the last surviving carriages that take fares out to the Saratoga track.

"That noise," she said, "reminds me of something." The volume of the patient, lonely, even, tired fall of hoofs increased, with some suggestion of fatality or strength, as if it were something no one could stop. "It reminds me of something," she said, "the noise of those hoofs. It reminds me of a movie we saw. About a little girl who fell in love with an archduke, and they took her to the archduke in a carriage. It was raining. The horse's hoofs made a noise like that—clop-clop-clop-clop. What was the name of it?"

"I don't remember," he said. "Have you seen my silver dollar?" He had put on his coat and tied his tie, and he was returning the change on the bureau to his pocket.

"No," she said. "No. Oh, what was the name of that movie, darling? Don't you remember? You liked it. We went to see it in some small house. Uptown. It was in French. It was about the Baroness Vetsera. She fell in love with the archduke. He saw her at the opera. It was supposed to be in Vienna. They—" "I can't find my silver dollar," he said. He looked under the bureau scarf and rooted in all his pockets.

"You're sure it's not in your pockets?"

"Positive. Oh God, I hope I haven't lost it! I've had it for ten years. It's my good-luck piece."

"Well, you haven't been out of the room. It must be in the room." She got up from the dressing table and examined the bed. "You were lying on the bed," she said, throwing back the covers. "You sat in that chair and lay on the bed while you were reading the paper, before you changed your suit. It must be here somewhere."

He pushed his hands into the crevices of the chair. "I hope I haven't lost it," he said. "It may spoil my luck. Oh God, I hope I haven't lost it!"

"Did you go out this morning?" she said, examining the carpet around the bed.

"I just went out to buy the *Telegraph* and get some breakfast."

"You couldn't have spent it?"

"I don't think so. I hope not. I ate breakfast at Carl's."

"Why don't you phone him and find out? You might have given it to him and thought it was a half dollar."

He went to the telephone and called a number while she circled the room slowly, examining the carpet and the furniture.

"Look," he said into the telephone, "this is Joe Walker. . . . Walker. . . . Yes. Is Carl there? . . . Well, get him for me, will you? . . . Look, Carl, this is Joe Walker. I ate breakfast in your place this morning and I had a silver dollar, a good-luck piece, and I can't find it and I thought maybe I'd given it to you, thinking it was a half dollar. Would you look in the cash register then? . . . Oh, he has. The bank. I see. Thanks."

He put the receiver down. "Nuts!" he said. He sank into a chair and held his head in his hands. "Everything was shaping up fine. They scratched Jamboree and Diomed is going to run and now I lose my good-luck piece. I've never made a bet without having that cartwheel in my pocket. Nuts, nuts, nuts!"

She went over to him and eased him

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"Have you special rates for the clergy?"

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gently out of the chair, and then, when he was standing, she put her arms around him and laid her head against his chest. She held him so strongly that for a minute he found it difficult to breathe. Then she released him. "Let's go," she said.

"But that cartwheel," he said. "If I could only find that cartwheel."

"It's up at the bank," she said. "You won't have any trouble tracing it. You can get it tomorrow morning. It's still yours. It's still really yours even if you're not carrying it, and you'll get it back tomorrow morning. And you still have your tie."

"Yes," he said, fingering an ancient foulard that he believed was lucky.

"Come on," she said. "We're late."

THE steeplechase was just finishing when they got out of the cab at the track and bought field tickets. She waited for him while he shopped around for a good price and then put his money on Diomed. They had been waiting for that race for four months. When he came back he offered her a stick of gum and she said no thanks and they sat there quietly, not talking, while she read the theatrical news in the *Telegraph*. Field tickets didn't entitle them to go into the paddock, and when the horses came up Joe and the girl had to stand and crane their necks to see Diomed. The entries cantered over to the barrier.

"Warners' have renewed Howard's contract," she said.

"I know," he said. "I saw it."

The horses were at the barrier. One fractious colt held them up for ten minutes. Then the ringing of the bell made the girl tremble and she lifted her head and saw the horses eating up the backstretch. Joe pulled his hat down so hard that it would leave a red line on his forehead when he took it off. He was not the kind that cheered. He watched the horses with his eyes narrowed, his head drawn back a little, like a man watching a hot fire. I'll have a bottle of Fleurs de Rocailles, she was thinking, and a fur coat, a bottle of Fleurs de Rocailles. There will be days, whole weeks, of our life when we don't have to think about money. . . . But she saw the whole thing. At the turn she saw a horse, a black horse—not theirs—run out. They passed her, filling the air with the noise of twenty-eight shod hoofs pounding the loose dirt, and she tasted the dust in her mouth. Everybody was shouting. Then she saw it happen like some bloody crime. She felt as if she were watching murder. Diomed dropped back to third, to fourth, to fifth. She made a gesture with her hands. The screaming from the grandstand died away. Diomed was sixth.

Joe sighed through his shut teeth. "Let's go," he said. "Let's get out of here."

THEY got up and walked slowly across the lawn toward the gate.

"How much money have you got?" he asked.

"Three singles and some change. There's a ten-dollar bill back at the hotel. We haven't pawned the bracelet yet."

"We won't play any more today," he said.

He walked slowly, with his eyes on the ground. To strangers, he might have looked sick. He might have got sick during the race and she was taking him home. He stooped over and picked something up. It was a four-leaf clover.

"Look, kid!" he said. "Look! Look! A four-leaf clover!" There was light in his voice. "Isn't that swell? Oh boy, isn't that swell? A four-leaf clover on a day like this." He straightened his shoulders and breathed deeply of the warm summer air. It was the first deep breath he had taken in a long time. "God, that makes me feel good! We'll lick them tomorrow. We'll beat them tomorrow. We'll show them—your old lady and my old man. Isn't that swell, kid? Isn't that wonderful?" He stood by the gates, his chest out, inhaling deeply like a man doing breathing exercises. He saw the green trees, the sunny blue sky, the fine clouds that were filing across it. "Taxi!" he called in a loud and cheerful voice. "Taxi! Taxi! Hey, taxi!"

—JOHN CHEEVER

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Today's average Hollywood girl is ten pounds heavier, one and a half inches taller, and ten months younger than she was five years ago.—*Pic.*

It must be the *damnedest* place.

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THE WILSONS

OPEN THEM YOURSELF

WHEN old Mrs. Collins resigned as president of the North Ferry Garden Club, after Mr. Collins' death, it gave Fairlie Wilson her chance at last, and she took it. For many years she had neglected no opportunities to forward herself in the organization, and now that she was the head of it, she felt that a little private pride in herself was justifiable.

From her husband she received absent-minded approval. It's silly to expect a man like Joe to see the implications of this, socially, she said to herself. Her ten-year-old son was sweet about it and was, she felt, genuinely thrilled by her advancement. Her daughter, with the grace of sixteen, said, "Well, that's nice, Mother, but I don't see why you don't join the *real* garden club." By which Hilda meant, of course, the Garden Club of America, of which there was a chapter in Newport. The girl's remark touched Fairlie Wilson so closely that she sprang to the defence of the North Ferry Club with more warmth than she commonly allowed herself, but when she'd pointed out its superior age, its local quality, and its obvious usefulness to the community, all she got from Hilda was "O.K., O.K. But except for you, of course, and Mrs. Collins . . ." and she let the sentence and herself trail off.

After Fairlie had moved the family down from Providence to North Ferry for the summer, she began, however, to feel the strain of her new job. She was planning for a season that would eclipse even the doings of the "real" garden club itself. By June she had made up her mind to engage Martha Helme, who was young, local, competent, and plain, as a private secretary. When Miss Helme had been there a fortnight, Fairlie wondered not only how she had ever got on without Miss Helme but also how that old trout, Mrs. Collins, had managed for so many years to carry on her formidable activities singlehanded. She experienced, too, a secret pleasure in being able to say to her friends and her fellow-members, "It's no bother at all. I'll have my secretary attend to it."

Of course, there were new techniques to be learned. There was the matter of dictating letters, and then there was the matter of opening letters. How could she tell which should be opened by Miss Helme and which by herself?

During a visit to Mrs. Collins, Fairlie brought up this question.

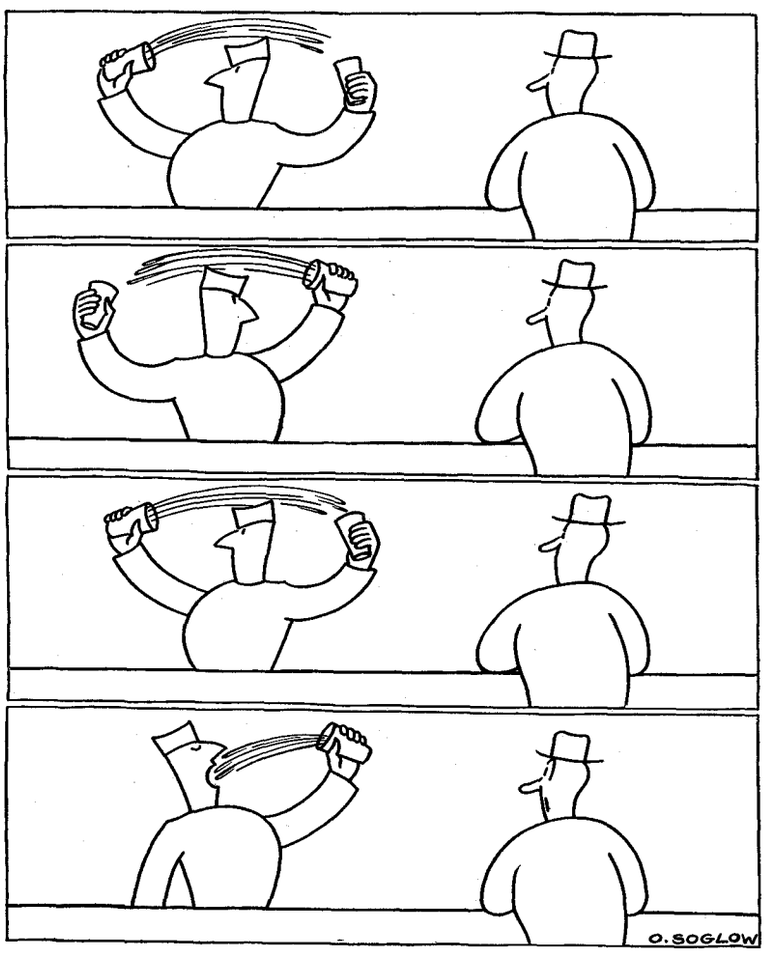
"Well, my dear," Mrs. Collins said, "in the dark past, when I had money enough to afford the luxury of a secretary, I could always tell about letters because people who knew me addressed me as Mrs. Samuel Collins or Mrs. Samuel R. Collins. But people who didn't, and whose letters I was willing to have anyone open, looked me up in the *Social Register* and invariably addressed me as Mrs. Samuel F. R. Collins. Haven't you something like that?"

Fairlie said, "No, I haven't. Joe hasn't any middle initial." She was glad when the subject changed; perhaps Mrs. Collins didn't know that the Wilsons were not listed.

For a while, then, Fairlie let Miss Helme open all the mail, letters as well as bills. That worked satisfactorily till she began getting letters of distress from the rather awful wife of Joe's completely awful cousin in Detroit. Of course, Miss Helme would always say, "This looked personal, Mrs. Wilson, so I've left it for you to read," but one never knew. And being a local girl, from Cottrellton, if Miss Helme did start repeating gossip about her employer, heaven only knew how far it would run. After that experience, Fairlie herself opened all letters addressed by hand. It was a bore, and with the letters increasing constantly as the North Ferry Club swung into its full stride, it took twice as much out of her day as it should have. By the time the date had been set for the annual August garden party and her own garden had at last been selected for the event, she was on the point of telling Miss Helme for God's sake to open *all* the letters and just not read those that looked too personal. But she postponed the decision.

There were moments when she wished she had not reduced to a mere name—in the kindest possible manner, of course—the job of secretary of the club. Mrs. Clark would have been useful and Fairlie would have been glad of her advice on various subjects. But then, she'd argue to herself, advice isn't of much use. If I started asking Mrs. Clark, I'd have to consult Mrs. Breeme, too, and no one consulted *me* when I was vice-president. And on the whole it's less wearing to do the whole thing myself. Nevertheless, there were some things that were hard to decide: about Mrs. Collins and the garden party, for instance. So complicated!

If Mrs. Collins hadn't resigned from the club as well as the presidency, she'd have been invited automatically. But there was a hard-and-fast rule that only mem-



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bers should attend—and husbands, of course. Yet it seemed difficult to exclude Mrs. Collins in view of the invitation Fairlie had extended to young Mrs. Elihu Folton. Mrs. Folton was president of the *real* Garden Club at Newport and in no way connected with the North Ferry. Sitting next to Mrs. Folton at lunch at Narragansett Pier, she had taken the plunge on a very slight hint from this rather dazzling stranger and had said, "Do come over for our party on August eighth—it's in my own garden. I'd love to show it to you." Mrs. Folton had said she'd like to if she could arrange it—she hadn't her engagement book with her but she'd look up the date when she got home. Next day Fairlie had written to her, longhand, just to remind her. She hadn't dictated the letter, as it really was none of Miss Helme's business—at least, not yet. Then, if Mrs. Folton refused, Fairlie would never have to mention the invitation to the rest of her Board. But now here were the engraved invitations all ready to go out, and one had to face the fact that Mrs. Folton *had* been written to and *might* accept—and if so, then what about Mrs. Collins?

Fairlie thought about it for a few minutes more and then wrote (via Miss Helme, though she herself signed the letter) inviting Mrs. Collins to come. She didn't really want Mrs. Collins. It was a price to pay for the off-chance of getting Mrs. Folton, indeed it was! Fairlie could just see what would happen: the old girl would come and, without lifting a finger, simply hold court. It wasn't as though it would be her own house, either. She'd hold court in Fairlie's house and Fairlie's garden, and, president or no president, Fairlie Wilson would be second fiddle. Tiresome old woman—what a devilish power to have, even though you were as poor as a church mouse, old, ugly, widowed! When Fairlie signed the letter Miss Helme had typed, it was with difficulty that she smiled and said, "There, that takes care of that problem. Now what have we got?"

A FEW days later Fairlie received the answers from Mrs. Collins and Mrs. Folton. She opened the one from Mrs. Collins first. It read, in a beautiful, firm, masculine hand:

My Dear Child:

It was good of you to wish to break the rules for me, but unwise. You must wait till you are older before you try that sort of thing. I daresay, too, you did it all off yr. own hook. It wd. have been pleasant to have attended the Party as of old, but I think I had better say No, and Thank You. Besides, that is *your* day, and I shd. like you to have it for yourself. I am, too, not so brisk as formerly. Thank you again.

Sincerely yrs.

Helen S. Collins

It was on the tip of Fairlie's tongue to say, "The old devil!" But she checked herself; Miss Helme might repeat it. She opened the letter from Mrs. Folton. It read, in a backhand of difficult legibility:

Dear Mrs. Wilson,

Thank you ever so much for the invitation and I have looked up the date and August 8 is quite all right, I have marked it down for four o'clock is that quite cor-

MOTHER LIQUOR

There is a place in our fair land apart
Where safe from Daiquiri or reeky rye
Man taxes all his chemistry and art
To brew the drink for which some children cry;
Which elders toiling up New England trails
Pause to withdraw in bottles from their packs;
Which country stores display with ice in pails—
As native as spruce gum or lumberjacks.

It's beer, birch beer,
Without a peer;
The finest friend
At journey's end.
Come, take a swig
And taste the twig,
And praise research
That gave us birch.

New Hampshire is the state. I name her first,
Perhaps because I went there long ago
And climbed the Sandwich Range and raised a thirst,
And drank a bottle I had bought below.
Thus Marco Polo sampling China tea,
Or one who gave the world the coffee craze
And died unsung—some Turk or Arab, he—
And thus myself. I drank, and now I praise.

No rye or Scotch
Comes near the Notch;
No gin or rum
While there be some
To love, to cheer,
The best birch beer
(The white, the brown)
And drink it down.

New England speaks of "tonic," meaning "pop"—
Like sarsaparilla, known to every child;
But that's a root, and it will never top
White Mountain birch, all sunny and all wild.
Back in a hundred villages remote
From traffic and superior cuisine,
I know a finer minor antidote
To all the ills of man and his machine.

Drink all you want
In green Vermont,
The State of Maine.
Then drink again
The clear, the crude,
New Hampshire-brewed,
And sing in church:
God save the birch!

—David McCord

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rect as I have mislayed your letter somewhere. I'll have lunch near Wakefield that day I think and do you suppose you could be an angel and do something for me? I have never met Mrs. Samuel Collins and I *long* to see her famous evergreen garden, could you fix it up do you think for me to stop at her place at Cottrellton either before or after your party on the way back to Newport I am motoring? I am going to make my gardiner drive the car and try to smuggle him in to see it, if you think it could be done I couldn't think of *anyone* I could better ask than you for she was President of the North Fairy Club before you wasnt she. Dont give the whole business a second thought if it is tiresome. Forgive this scrawl my woman is on her holiday and I never learned to spell.

Sincerely yours,
CLARITA FOLTON

Fairlie Wilson's first thought was "Damn it!" Her second was "The impudence of it!" Her third thought, however, was "I'm glad Miss Helme didn't read this!" Her fourth was entirely different and came immediately on top of No. 3, and was born in full armor. She turned to Miss Helme and said, "Call up Mrs. Breeme for me, will you?"

Mrs. Breeme was at home and took the call.

"It's Fairlie Wilson," she said, her voice gay and confident. "How are you? . . . Oh, I'm fine. . . . No, everything's going smoothly, but listen. I've done two sort of awful things and I badly need your support. First place, I asked Mrs. Collins to come to our party. You know, I felt it was so *awful* to exclude the old lady, but anyway she can't come, so I guess that's all right. . . . Why awful? Oh, because I know I *should* have asked you or consulted with you or something. . . . Yes, I knew you'd think so. I had a *sweet* letter from her. She was really touched, I think, by our thinking of her. Now, about the other. I've just sort of hinted to Clarita Folton—you know, Mrs. Elihu Folton, who's crazy to see our party—that *maybe* I could wangle her an invitation. I know it's against the rules, but as she's Newport's president, I thought . . . What? . . . Yes, I hoped you'd think so too. . . . Good! Good! Fine! But you'll back me up, won't you? I'll write to her formally and if there's a row in the next meeting, you stand by me, won't you? . . . What? . . . No, I don't suppose they'll object, really. I mean, not really. . . . Yes, well, you're a darling. Thanks ever so much. Goodbye." She hung up.

"Now, Miss Helme," she said, "address an envelope to Mrs. Elihu Folton, Villa Monjoie, Newport. And let me have an engraved card and I'll write her a line."

Miss Helme handed her the card. For a moment they both were silent, writing.

"Give me the envelope," said Fairlie. She put the card inside it and was about to lick the flap of the envelope when she paused. She lowered the envelope, and said, "Look here, Miss Helme. Since poor old Mrs. Collins can't come to the party, I tell you what let's do. Let's write a letter to Mrs. Folton and ask her to lunch here before the party with the other officers of the club. And let's write a line to Mrs. Collins and ask her if I may bring Mrs. French down to see her garden. It'll be so nice for Mrs. Collins and I do think Mrs. Folton would enjoy seeing that funny old place."

"Oh—the evergreen garden?" said Miss Helme, her eyes wide.

"What else?" said Fairlie, rapidly. "And she's all alone there, you know, and it must be hard on her. I wonder sometimes whether she can keep up even an evergreen garden now. But it does seem so mean not to do *something* for the old lady on that particular day."

"Yes, that's nice," said Miss Helme. She got out her pad and sat to receive dictation.

While the letters were being typed, Fairlie said to herself with a shiver: Goodness, suppose Miss Helme had read those notes! She took the two notes and tore them into little pieces and dropped the scraps into the basket. Yes, she thought, it's always better to open them yourself. —CHRISTOPHER LA FARGE

"What's the use of arguing, dear? Let him punch you in the jaw and get it over with."

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PROFILES

LADY OLGA

JANE BARNELL occasionally considers herself an outcast and feels that there is something vaguely shameful about the way she makes a living. When she is in this mood, she takes no pride in the fact that she has had a longer career as a sideshow performer than any other American woman and wishes she had never left the drudgery of her grandmother's cotton farm in North Carolina. Miss Barnell is a bearded lady. This season her thick, curly beard measures thirteen and a half inches, which is about as long as it ever gets. When she was young and more entranced by life under canvas, she wore it differently every year; in those days there was a variety of styles in beards—she remembers the Icicle, the Indian Fighter, the Whisk Broom, and the Billy Goat—and at the beginning of a season she would ask the circus barber to trim hers in the style most popular at the moment. Since it became gray, she has worn it in the untrimmed, House of David fashion.

The business of exhibiting her beard has taken her into every state in the Union. In fact, she has undoubtedly travelled as widely in the United States as any other person, but she has always been too bored to take much notice of her surroundings and probably would not do well with a grammar-school geography quiz. "I been all over everywhere, up, down, and sideways," she says. "I've hit thousands of towns, but I don't remember much about any of them. Half the time I didn't even know what state I was in. Didn't know or care." Miss Barnell is sixty-nine years old and was first put on exhibition shortly after her fourth birthday; she claims she has been bearded since infancy. As Princess Olga, Madame Olga, or Lady Olga, she has worked in the sideshows of at least twenty-five circuses and carnivals for wages ranging between twenty and a hundred dollars a week. She has forgotten the names of some of these outfits; one circus she remembers only as "that ten-car mess on the West Coast where I and my third husband had to knock the sideshow manager on the noggin with a tent stake to get my pay." She started out with a tramp circus, or "mud show," whose rickety, louse-infested wagons were pulled by oxen, and worked her way up to Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey.

She spent six years in the Ringling circus. She was with it last in 1938, when its season was cut short by a strike in Scranton, an occurrence which made her hysterical. Ringling's sideshow, the Congress of Strange People, is as highly esteemed by freaks as the Palace used to be by vaudeville actors, but she would not sign a contract for the 1939 season. It pained her to make this decision; for six consecutive seasons she had occupied the same berth in Old Ninety-six, the Ringling sleeping car for sideshow people, and had grown attached to it. "Once I heard about a man in the penitentiary who broke down and cried when he finished his term and had to leave his cell for the last time," she says. "It had got to be a home to him. That's how I felt about my berth." She turned down the 1939 contract because she had become obsessed with a notion that out on the road she would somehow be forced to join the circus union. Unions frighten her. Although she has never voted, she is a violently opinionated Republican. Also, she is a veteran reader of Hearst newspapers and believes everything she reads in them. She thinks the average union organizer carries a gun and will shoot to kill. When she sees pickets, she immediately crosses to the other side of the street. "Just as sure as I go back to Ringling's, that union will get me," she told a circus official who tried for hours to reason with her, and added, "To tell you the truth, I think that old union is a corporation, like everything else these days." She also has a fear of corporations; to her, they are as sinister as unions. Since she left, Ringling's has been without a bearded lady. This spring, just before it opened in the Garden, she was once more offered a contract, but she told Fred Smythe, manager of the Congress, that she would never again work for the Big Show. Smythe was not surprised. "There's no way of getting a fool notion out of the head of a freak short of blasting," he says. "I'd sure like to get her back. She's the only real, old-fashioned bearded lady left in the country. Most bearded ladies are men. Even when they're women, they look like men. Lady Olga is a woman, and she looks like a woman." Smythe says that bearded ladies are not particularly sensational but they are traditional in sideshows, like clowns in the circus itself. "People don't laugh at clowns any more but they want to see them around," he says. "Likewise, if there isn't a bearded lady in a sideshow, people feel there's something lacking."

MISS BARNELL has not been on the road since leaving the Big Show but has stuck pretty close to New York City, which, as much as any other place, she considers home. She spent most of the last two winters in the basement sideshow of Hubert's Museum on West Forty-second Street. She has worked in practically every dime museum in the country and has filled many engagements in Hubert's; she has come to look upon it as her winter headquarters. Professor Le Roy Heckler, who operates the Flea Circus concession in Hubert's, is an old friend of hers. They once lived in the same farming community in Mecklenburg County, North Carolina, and she worked in circuses long ago with his father, the late Professor William Heckler, who was a sideshow strong man before he developed a method of educating fleas and established the family business. She has great respect for Le Roy; she calls him "the young Professor" and says she has known him since he was "diaper size." This summer she is dividing her time between Hubert's and Professor Sam Wagner's World Circus Side Show in Coney Island. She was offered jobs at the World's Fair, but they would have conflicted with her Coney engagement. She prefers Coney to Flushing; it is nearer the ocean, and she thinks salt air is good for her asthma; also, she likes the buttered roasting-ear corn that is sold in stands down there.

On the dime-museum circuit she does

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not work steadily; she works two or three weeks in a row and then lays off for a week. "I don't want to go nuts," she says. In museums, her hours are from 11 A.M. to 11 P.M. There is an average of two shows an hour and during a show she is on the platform from five to ten minutes. Between appearances, she is free. At Hubert's she kills most of this time dozing in a rocking chair in her dressing room. Sometimes she visits with other performers, usually with Albert-Alberta, the half-man-half-woman. Twice a week she goes into Professor Heckler's booth and watches him feed his fleas. This spectacle always amazes her, although she has seen it scores of times. The Professor rolls up one sleeve, picks the fleas out of their mother-of-pearl boxes with tweezers, and drops them, one by one, on a forearm, where they browse for fifteen minutes. While the fleas are feeding, the Professor reads a newspaper and she smokes a cigarette. They seldom say anything to each other. Taciturn herself, Miss Barnell does not care for talkative people. At least once an afternoon she wraps a scarf around her beard and goes out for coffee or a mug of root beer. She usually goes to the lunchroom in the American Bus Depot, a few doors west of Hubert's. She finds the atmosphere of a bus terminal soothing to her nerves. When showing in Coney Island, she takes brisk turns on the boardwalk between appearances.

In the past, while filling engagements in or around the city, Miss Barnell always lived in small Broadway hotels. Last winter she gave up hotel life. One Saturday night, after working late in Hubert's, she walked into a hotel off Times Square in which she had been living since the Ringling strike and a drunk in the lobby saw her and said, "By God, it's the bearded lady!" He followed her to the elevator, shouting, "Beaver! Beaver!" Next day she moved out and took a furnished apartment in a theatrical rooming house on Eighth Avenue, not far from the Garden. The house was recommended by a colleague, a man who eats electric-light bulbs. Among the other tenants are a magician, an old burlesque comedian, a tattooed woman, and a retired circus cook. Surrounded by such people, she feels at ease; when she meets them on the stairs they simply take her for granted and do not look startled. "If an old baboon was to walk down the hall tooting on a cornet, nobody in my house would give him a second look," she says.

"And here's a bulletin that's just come in!"

Miss Barnell would like to spend the rest of her life in the city, but she knows that sooner or later she will become a stale attraction in the dime museums and will have to run an "At Liberty" notice in *Billboard* and get a job with a circus or carnival again. She wants to put this off as long as possible because she has grown to like apartment life; it has given her a chance, she says, really to get acquainted with Thomas O'Boyle, her fourth husband, and with Edelweiss, her cat. O'Boyle is a veteran Joey, or clown, but recently he has been employed as a talker—the sideshow term for barker—on the box at the gate at Hubert's. He is nineteen years younger than Miss Barnell and, unlike her, is enthralled by sideshow life. He wears dark-blue shirts, lemon-yellow neckties, and Broadway suits. He believes Miss Barnell is one of the great women of all time and treats her accordingly. When she comes into a room he leaps to his feet, and when she takes out a cigarette he hurriedly strikes a match for her. They were married after working together during the season of 1931 in the Johnny J. Jones Exposition, a carnival. Both are short-wave-radio fans, and O'Boyle says that this mutual interest is what brought them together. "Since our marriage, I and Mr. O'Boyle have travelled with the same outfits," Miss

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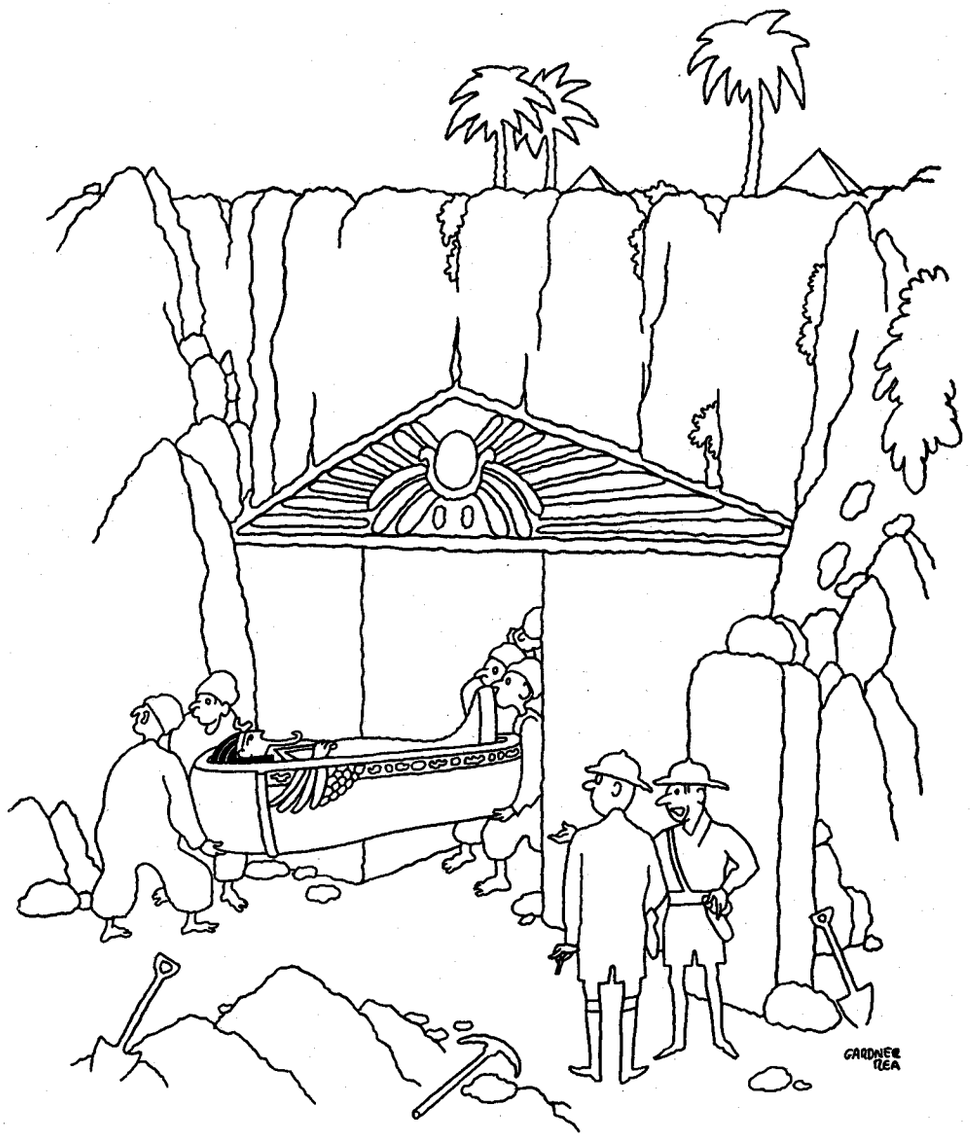

"We'd better get him to a bombproof shelter right away."

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Barnell said recently, "but I never felt like I really knew him until we settled in an apartment. In a sleeping car you just don't feel married. To get to know a husband, you have to cook and wash for him." Next to O'Boyle, Edelweiss is her chief concern. Edelweiss is a sullen, overfed, snow-white Persian, for which she paid twenty-five dollars when it was a kitten and which now weighs sixteen pounds. She has nicknamed it Edie, and when she speaks to it she uses baby talk. She owns a comfortable old canvas chair—it came out of a circus dressing tent—and she likes to loll in this chair, hold the cat in her lap, and sing to it. Interminably, one after the other, she sings "Eadie Was a Lady" and "Root, Hog, or Die," an old circus song. Cats and dogs are not permitted in the sleeping cars of most circuses, so when she is on the road she usually has to board Edie in a pet store. "Sometimes out in the sticks," she says, "I get so lonesome for Edie I feel like I just can't bear it." She thinks Hubert's is much nicer than other museums because the manager there understands how she feels about the cat and lets her bring it with her to work. While she is on the platform, Edie stands beside her, purring. After cats, Miss Barnell likes horses best. She is one of those women who cannot pass a horse standing at a curb without trying to stroke its head; she keeps a handful of wrapped cube sugar in her bag for horses. Once a month, no matter how lean the season, she sends a contribution to the A.S.P.C.A. "To an animal, if you're bearded, it don't make no difference," she says.

Miss Barnell has not only a beard but side whiskers and a droopy mustache. In a white, loose-fitting house dress, she looks like an Old Testament prophet. Her appearance is more worldly when she dresses for a party; on such occasions she uses lipstick and rouge. Monty Woolley saw her once when she was dressed for the evening and said she looked like Elsa Maxwell in a property beard. Someone repeated Woolley's remark to her and she snorted with indignation. "Mr. Woolley must not have good eyesight," she said. She is not as plump as Miss Maxwell. She is five feet five and weighs a hundred and eighty-three pounds. She does not look her age; she has few wrinkles and she walks with a firm step. Her face is round and gloomy. Her bobbed gray hair is brushed pompadour style, and on the platform she wears a Spanish comb and two side combs. Once a year she gets a permanent wave. Before going on the street, she always covers her face with a veil and wraps a Paisley scarf around her neck, hiding her beard. To keep it curly, she sleeps with her beard in a pigtail plait; on days off she does not unplait it. She wears a thick gold wedding ring. Her voice is low and feminine.

Years of listening to barkers has had an effect on her speech; she makes long words longer. To her, a monstrosity is a "monsterosity." She uses some circus slang. The men who haunt the pinball machines on the first floor of Hubert's and never spend a dime to visit the sideshow in the basement are "lot lice" to her; in circuses, this term is applied to townspeople who do not buy tickets but stand around the lot, gaping at everything and getting in the way. She uses the word "old" to express contempt. She once said, "If that old Mayor they have here can't think up anything better than that old sales tax, he ought to lay down and quit." She consistently says "taken" for "took." This is a sample of her conversation: "When I was a young'un I taken the name Princess Olga. After I first got married I changed to Madame, but when every confounded swami-woman and mitt-reader in the nation taken to calling herself Madame So-and-So, I decided Lady was more ree-fined." She has a dim but unmistakable Southern accent. Like many North Carolinians, she heavily accents the first syllable in words like "hotel" and "police." Another heritage from her years in North Carolina is a liking for snuff. She and O'Boyle own an automobile, and occasionally they get it out of storage and take a long trip. While riding along with the windows lowered, they both dip snuff. "Out in the country, snuff is

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better than cigarettes," she says. "Of course, I'd never think of using it indoors." She smokes a pack and a half of cigarettes a day. The use of tobacco is her only bad habit. As a rule, sideshow performers are fond of the bottle, but she is a teetotaler and a believer in prohibition.

On a sideshow platform or stage, Miss Barnell is rather austere. To discourage people from getting familiar, she never smiles. She dresses conservatively, usually wearing a plain black evening gown. "I like nice clothes, but there's no use wasting money," she says. "People don't notice anything but my old beard." She despises pity and avoids looking into the eyes of the people in her audiences; like most freaks, she has cultivated a blank, unseeing stare. When people look as if they feel sorry for her, especially women, it makes her want to throw something. She does not sell photographs of herself and does not welcome questions from spectators. She will answer specific questions about her beard as graciously as possible, but when someone becomes inquisitive about her private life—"You ever been married?" is the most frequent query—she gives the questioner an icy look or says quietly, "None of your business." Audiences seem to think that this is admirable. Now and then, after she has told off a persistent or insulting questioner, people will applaud. Miss Barnell's temper has been a blessing; it has kept her from succumbing to utter apathy, which is the occupational disease of freaks. "I don't take no back talk from nobody," she says. She guards her dignity jealously. Once she slapped an apology out of a carnival owner who had suggested that she dye her beard so he could bill her as "Olga, the Lady Bluebeard." Wisecracking professors, or talkers, annoy her; she prefers to be introduced by one who is deadly serious and able to use long medical words. Except for midgets, the majority of freaks in American sideshows are natives, but talkers hate to admit this. Consequently, at one time or another, Miss Barnell has been introduced as having been born in Budapest, Paris, Moscow, Shanghai, and Potsdam. In one carnival she was "the daughter of a Hungarian general," and in another "the half sister of a French duke." She does not have a high opinion of foreigners and is sorely vexed by such introductions. She was grateful to the late Clyde Ingalls, who was once married to Lillian Leitzel and preceded Smythe as manager of Ringling's Congress, because he never seemed to resent the fact that she was born in North Carolina. Ingalls would bow to her, turn to the audience, click his heels, and say, "It gives me the greatest pleasure at this time to introduce a little woman who comes to us from an aristocratic plantation in the Old South and who is recognized by our finest doctors, physicians, and medical men as the foremost, unquestioned, and authentic fee-male bearded lady in medical history. Ladies and gentlemen, Lay-dee Oolgah!"

AMONG freaks it is axiomatic that Coney Island audiences are the most inhuman, but Miss Barnell has found that a Surf Avenue dime museum on a Saturday night is peaceful compared with a moving-picture studio at any time. She talks bitterly about her experiences in Hollywood, where she has been used in a number of horror and circus pictures. Her most important rôle was in "Freaks," a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer study of sideshow life filmed in 1932. It was probably the most frightening picture ever made. In it, among other things, a beautiful trapeze girl of a European circus permits a dwarf to fall in love with her in order to obtain some money he has inherited. At their wedding feast, with a fantastic group of sideshow people around the table, she gets drunk and lets slip the fact that she despises the dwarf. A few nights later, during a terrible storm when the troupe is on the road, the freaks climb into her private wagon and mutilate her, turning *her* into a freak. Miss Barnell thinks this picture was an insult to all freaks everywhere and is sorry she acted in it. When it was finished, she swore she would never again work in Hollywood.

Her self-esteem suffers least of all when she is working in circuses, where sideshow class distinctions are rigidly observed. She herself divides freaks into three classes: born freaks, made freaks, and two-timers. Born freaks are the aristocrats of the sideshow world. She,

"I've overdrawn. To whom do I apologize?"

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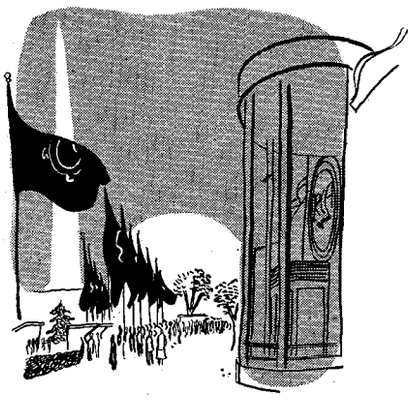
of course, is a member of this class. So are Siamese twins, pinheads, fat girls, dwarfs, midgets, giants, living skeletons, and men with skulls on which rocks can be broken. Made freaks include tattooed people, sword-swallowers, snake charmers, and glass-eaters. Normal people who obtain sideshow engagements because of past glory or notoriety are two-timers to her. Examples are reformed criminals, old movie stars, and retired athletes like Jack Johnson, the old pug, and Grover Cleveland Alexander, the old ballplayer, both of whom have recently been employed on the dime-museum circuit. Because Johnson wears a beret and because she has heard that he sips beer through a straw, she particularly dislikes him. "To the general public, old Jack Johnson may be a freak," she says, "but to a freak, he ain't a freak." Paradoxically, she bears no animosity toward fake bearded ladies. They amuse her. She was greatly amused when Frances Murphy, the Gorilla Lady in the "Strange As It Seems" sideshow at the World's Fair, got into an altercation with a truck-driver and was exposed as a male. "If any man is fool enough to be a bearded lady," she says, "it is all right with me."

Some of Miss Barnell's genuine but less gifted colleagues are inclined to think that she is haughty, but she feels that a woman with a beard more than a foot long has a right to be haughty. She undoubtedly does have the most flamboyant female beard in American sideshow history. The beard of Joséphine Boisdechêne, a native of Switzerland and one of P. T. Barnum's most lucrative freaks, was only eight inches long, and she had no mustache. She did, however, have a bearded son—Albert, billed as "Esau, the Hairy Boy"—who helped make up for this shortcoming. Grace Gilbert, who came from Kalkaska, Michigan, and spent most of her professional life in Barnum & Bailey's Circus, had a lush beard, but it was only six inches long. Miss Gilbert used peroxide and was billed as "Princess Gracie, the Girl with the Golden Whiskers." Records of non-professional female beards are scarce. Margaret of Parma, Regent of the Netherlands from 1559 to 1567, had a "coarse, bushy beard." She was proud of it, believing it gave her a regal appearance, and she required court physicians to mix tonics for it. Charles XII of Sweden had a bearded female grenadier in his army, a reputedly beautiful amazon, who was captured by the Russians in the battle of Poltava in 1709 and subsequently taken to St. Petersburg and presented to the Czar, at whose court she was popular for several years. There was a Spanish nun called St. Paula the Bearded, who grew a miraculous beard, according to sacred history. She was being pursued one night by a man with evil intent when hair suddenly sprouted from her chin. She turned and confronted the man and he fled. No statistics on the length of these beards have come down to us.

Most freaks are miserable in the company of non-freaks, but unless she is sunk in one of the morose spells she suffers from occasionally, Miss Barnell welcomes the opportunity to go out among ordinary people. One morning last winter, Cole Porter went to her dressing room at Hubert's and asked her to go with him to a cocktail party Monty Woolley was giving at the Ritz-Carlton. Porter told her that Woolley was a student of beards, that he was known as The Beard by his friends, and that he had always wanted to meet a bearded lady. "I'll have to ask my old man," Miss Barnell said. O'Boyle told her to go ahead and enjoy herself. Porter offered to pay for the time she would lose at the museum. "Well, I tell you," she said, "I and you and Mr. Woolley are all in show business, and if this party is for members of the profession, I won't charge a cent." Porter said non-professionals would be present, so she set a fee of eight dollars. Late that afternoon he picked her up at her house. She had changed into a rhinestone-spangled gown. In the Ritz-Carlton elevator she took off the scarf she was wearing around her beard, astonishing the other passengers. There were more than a hundred stage and society people at the party, and Porter introduced her to most of them. Woolley, who got quite interested in her, asked her to have a drink. She hesitated and then accepted a glass of sherry, remarking that it was her first drink in nine years. "I like to see people enjoying



theirselves," she said after finishing the sherry. "There's too confounded much misery in this world." She was at the party an hour and a half and said she wished she could stay longer but she had to go home and cook a duck dinner for her husband. Next day, at Hubert's, she told a colleague she had never had a nicer time. "Some of the better class of the Four Hundred were there," she said, "and when I was introduced around I recognized their names. I guess I was a curiosity to them. Some of them sure were a curiosity to me. I been around peculiar people most of my life, but I never saw no women like them before." She was able to recognize the names of the society people because she is a devoted reader of Cholly Knickerbocker's column. He is her favorite writer. "I like the cute way Cholly writes," she says.

SEVERAL endocrinologists have tried vainly to argue Miss Barnell into submitting to an examination. She is afraid of physicians. When sick, she depends on patent medicines. "When they get their hands on a monsterosity the medical profession is too snoopy," she says. Her hirsuteness is undoubtedly the result of distorted glandular activity. The abnormal functioning of one of the endocrine, or ductless, glands is most often responsible for excessive facial hair in females. Hypertrichosis and hirsutism are the medical terms for the condition. Miss Barnell once read a book called "The Human Body" and is familiar with the glandular explanation, but does not take much stock in it. She says that her parentage was Jewish, Irish, and American Indian, and she believes vaguely that this mixture of bloods is in some way to blame, although she had three beardless sisters.

Miss Barnell has to be persuaded to talk about her early life. "What's the use?" she tells people. "You won't believe me." She says that her father, George Barnell, an itinerant buggy- and wagon-maker, was a Russian Jew who had Anglicized his name. Around 1868, while wandering through the South, he visited a settlement of Catawba Indians on the Catawba River in York County, South Carolina, and fell in love with and was married to a girl who had a Catawba mother and an Irish father. They settled in Wilmington, the principal port of North Carolina, where Barnell established himself in the business of repairing drays on the docks. Miss Barnell was their second child;

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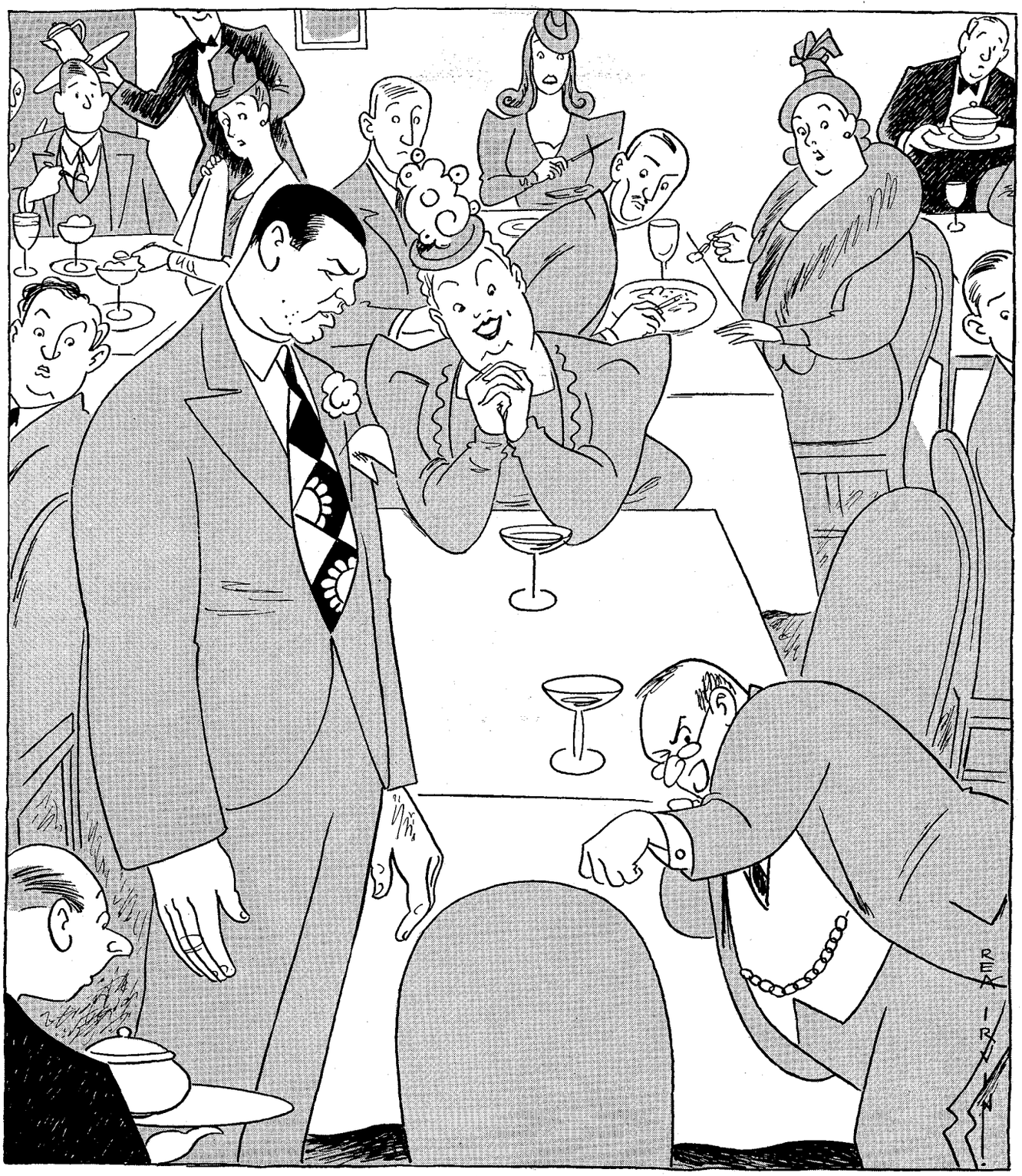

TURN~ABOUT TALES

A Diner in Jack Dempsey's Bar Describes a Youthful Fistic Triumph

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she was born in 1871 and named Jane, after her Indian grandmother. At birth her chin and cheeks were covered with down. Before she was two years old she had a beard. Her father was kind to her, but her mother, who was superstitious, believed she was bewitched and took her to a succession of Negro granny-women and conjure doctors. Around her fourth birthday, her father inherited some money from a relative and went up to Baltimore to see about starting a business there. While he was away a dismal little six-wagon circus came to Wilmington. It was called the Great Orient Family Circus and Menagerie, and was operated by a family of small, dark foreigners; Miss Barnell calls them "the Mohammedans." The family was composed of a mother, who was a snake charmer; two daughters, who danced; and three sons, who were jugglers and wire-walkers. The wagons were pulled by oxen, and the show stock

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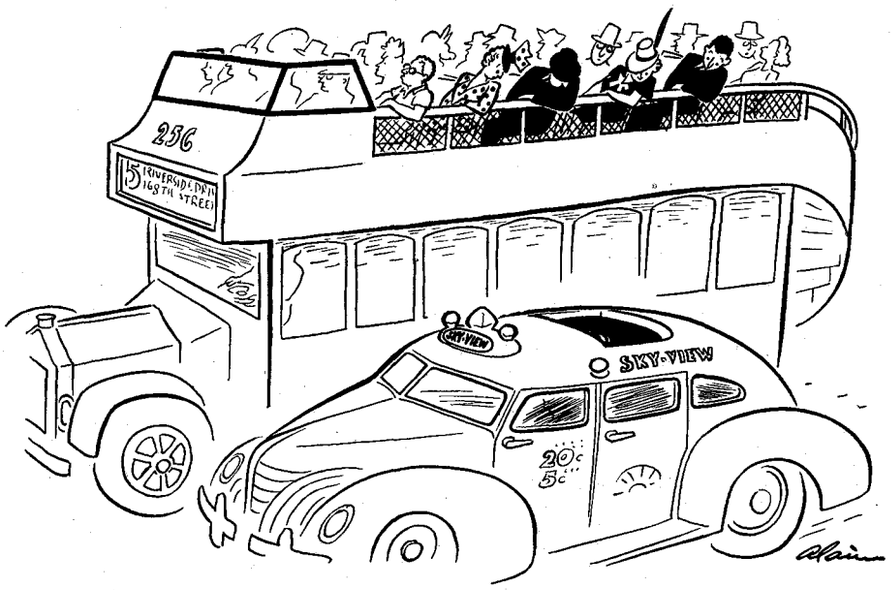

consisted of three old lions, a few sluggish snakes, some monkeys, a cage of parrots, an educated goat, and a dancing bear. There were many tramp circuses of this type in the country at that time. On the last day of the Great Orient's stay, Mrs. Barnell sold or gave Jane to the Mohammedan mother. "I never been able to find out if Mamma got any money for me or just gave me away to get rid of me," Miss Barnell says bitterly. "She hated me, I know that. Daddy told me years later that he gave her a good beating when he got home from Baltimore and found out what had happened. He had been in Baltimore two months, and by the time he got home I and the Mohammedans were long gone. He and the sheriff of New Hanover County searched all over the better part of three states for us, but they didn't find hide or hair."

She does not remember much about her life with the Great Orient. "My entire childhood was a bad dream," she says. The Mohammedans exhibited her in a small tent separate from the circus, and people had to pay extra to see her. On the road she slept with the Mohammedan mother in the same wagon in which the snakes were kept. Her pallet on the floor was filthy. She was homesick and cried a lot. The Mohammedans were not intentionally cruel to her. "They did the best they could, I guess," she says. "They were half starved themselves. I didn't understand their talk and their rations made me sick. They put curry in everything. After a while the old Mohammedan mother taken to feeding me on eggs and fruits." The circus wandered through the South for some months, eventually reaching a big city, which she thinks was New Orleans. There the Mohammedans sold their stock and wagons to another small circus and got passage on a boat to Europe, taking her along. In Europe, they joined a German circus. In Berlin, in the summer of 1876, after Jane had been exhibited by the German circus for four or five months, she got sick. She thinks she had typhoid fever. She was placed in a charity hospital. "I was nothing but skin and bones," she says. "The day they put me in the hospital was the last I ever saw of the Mohammedans. They thought I was due to die." She does not remember how long she was in the hospital. After she recovered she was transferred to an institution which she thinks was an orphanage. One morning her father appeared and took her away. "I disremember how Daddy located me," she says, "but I think he said the old Mohammedan mother went to the chief of police in Berlin and told who I was. I guess he wrote to the chief of police in Wilmington. That must have been the way it happened."

Barnell brought Jane back to North Carolina but did not take her home; she did not want to see her mother. Instead, he put her in the care of her Indian grandmother, who, with other Catawbas, had moved up from the settlement in South Carolina to a farming community in Mecklenburg County, near Charlotte. Jane worked on her grandmother's farm, chopping cotton, milking cows, and tending pigs. She never went to school but was taught to read and write by a Presbyterian woman who did missionary work among the Catawbas. Jane remembers stories this woman told her about Florence Nightingale; they made her long to become a nurse. In her teens she taught herself to shave with an old razor that had belonged to her grandfather. When she was around seventeen she went to Wilmington to visit her father, and a doctor he knew got her a place as a student nurse in the old City Hospital. She worked in the hospital for perhaps a year, and she still thinks of this as the happiest period of her life. Eventually, however, something unpleasant happened which caused her to leave; what it was, she will not tell. "I just figured I could never have a normal life," she says, "so I went back to Grandma's and settled down to be a farm hand the rest of my days." Three or four years later she became acquainted with the senior Professor Heckler, who owned a farm near her grandmother's; he worked in circuses in the summer and lived on the farm in the winter. Heckler convinced her she would be happier in a sideshow than on a farm and helped her get a job with the John Robinson Circus. As well as she can remember, she got this job in the spring of 1892, when she was twenty-one. "Since that time," she says, "my beard has been my meal ticket." Until the death of her grandmother, around 1899, Miss Barnell went back to North Carolina every winter. She had three sisters and two brothers in Wilmington, and she visited them occasionally. "They all thought I was a disgrace and seeing them never gave me much enjoyment," she says. "Every family of a freak I ever heard of was the same. I've known families that lived off a freak's earnings but wouldn't be seen with him. My parents passed on long ago, and I reckon my brothers and sisters are all dead by now. I haven't seen any of them for twenty-two years. I had one sister I liked. I used to send her a present every Christmas, and sometimes she'd drop me a card. She was a nurse. She went to China twenty-some-odd years ago to work in a hospital for blind Chinese children, and that's the last I ever heard of her. I guess she's dead."

Miss Barnell was with the Robinson Circus for fourteen years. While with it, she was married to a German musician in the circus band. By him she had two children, both of whom died in infancy. Soon after the death of her second child, her husband died. "After that," she says, "I never got any more pleasure out of circus life. I had to make a living, so I kept on. It's been root, hog, or die. When I got sick of one outfit, I moved on to another. Circuses are all the same—dull as dishwater." She left Robinson's to go with the Forepaugh-Sells Brothers' Circus and Menagerie, leaving it to marry

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"It's wonderful the way a cocktail rests your feet!"

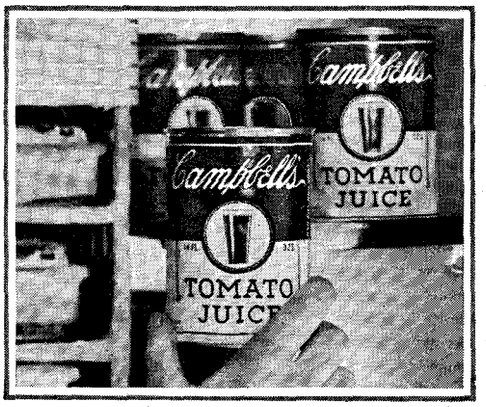
WE HASTEN TO POINT OUT that in this instance the "cocktail" is tomato juice —pure and simple tomato juice. It had never occurred to us as being a foot-rester, but we do say that tomato juice—a really fine tomato juice —can slake your thirst and somewhat quench dull tedium. A bright, beady glass of it, fresh-poured and still bubbly—that, and a shady spot to sip it, can to a degree revise your outlook, rejuvenate your Joy of Living.

Campbell's is just such a really fine tomato juice. We and who else say so? Many, many people—the many, many people who have made it the largest selling tomato juice in America. Ten years ago tomato juice was a brand-new idea, and a good one. Today it's still good, not so new, but more a "*brand*" idea than it ever was before. And as people have sorted and sifted, tasted one tomato juice after another, Campbell's is the brand that has come out on top.

We could explain this. We could recount our thirty years' experience improving the Campbell tomato, sketch out for you our canning method which keeps the flavor fresh, assert that there is no better balanced vitamin drink than Campbell's Tomato Juice, and tell you why that is. But we'd rather just point with pride to the nice army of folks who sit where it's cool, resting their feet and refreshing themselves with the tomato juice of their choice—Campbell's. Like to join?

Campbell's TOMATO JUICE

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL



GOOD RULE: 3 cans in the refrigerator—always!

• THE LARGEST SELLING TOMATO JUICE IN AMERICA •

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a balloon ascensionist. He was killed about a year after they were married; how, she will not say. "He was just killed," she says, shrugging her shoulders. Her third marriage also ended unhappily. "That one treated me shamefully," she says. "If he was in a bottle, I wouldn't pull out the stopper to give him air. I taken out a divorce from him the year before I and Mr. O'Boyle got married."

Miss Barnell is disposed to blame circuses for much of the unhappiness in her life. Consequently she does not share her present husband's enthusiasm for them. O'Boyle was an orphan who ran away to work with a circus, and has never become disenchanted. Every week he reads *Billboard* from cover to cover, and he keeps a great stack of back copies of the magazine in their apartment; she rarely reads it. Like most old circus men, he is garrulous about the past. He often tries to get his wife to talk about her circus experiences, but she gives him little satisfaction. O'Boyle is proud of her career. Once he begged her to give him a list of the circuses and carnivals she has worked for; he wanted to send the list to the letters-to-the-editor department of *Billboard*. She mentioned Ringling, Barnum & Bailey, Forepaugh-Sells, Hagenbeck-Wallace, the World of Mirth Carnival, the Royal American Shows, the Rubin & Cherry Exposition, and the Beckmann & Gerety Shows, and then yawned and said, "Mr. O'Boyle, please go turn on the radio." He has never been able to get the full list.

IN the last year or so Miss Barnell has become a passionate housekeeper and begrudges every moment spent away from her apartment. About once a week she rearranges the furniture in her two small rooms. On a window sill she keeps two geranium plants in little red pots. On sunny afternoons during her days off she places a pillow on the sill, rests her elbows on it, and stares for hours into Eighth Avenue. People who see her in the window undoubtedly think she is a gray-bearded old man. She spends a lot of time in the kitchen, trying out recipes clipped from newspapers. O'Boyle has gained eleven pounds since they moved into the apartment. Before starting work in the kitchen, she turns on four electric fans in various corners of the apartment and opens all the windows; she does not trust gas and believes that stirring up the air is good for her asthma. While the fans are on, she keeps Edie, the cat, who is susceptible to colds, shut up in a closet. She has developed a phobia about New York City tap water; she is sure there is a strange, lethal acid in it, and boils drinking water for fifteen minutes. She even boils the water in which she gives Edie a bath. In her opinion, the consumption of unboiled water is responsible for most of the sickness in the city. On her bureau she keeps two radios, one of them a short-wave set. On her days off she turns on the short-wave radio right after she gets up and leaves it on until she goes to bed. While in the kitchen, she listens to police calls. The whirring of the fans and the clamor of the radio do not bother her in the least. The walls are thin, however, and once the burlesque comedian who lives in the next apartment rapped on the door and said, "Pardon me, Madam, but it sounds like you're murdering a mule in there, or bringing in an oil well."

Miss Barnell's attitude toward her work is by no means consistent. In an expansive mood, she will brag that she has the longest female beard in history and will give the impression that she feels superior to less spectacular women. Every so often, however, hurt by a snicker or a brutal remark made by someone in an audience, she undergoes a period of depression which may last a few hours or a week. "When I get the blues, I feel like an outcast from society," she once said. "I used to think when I got old my feelings wouldn't get hurt, but I was wrong. I got a tougher hide than I once had, but it ain't tough enough." On the road she has to keep on working, no matter how miserable she gets, but in a museum she simply knocks off and goes home. Until she feels better, she does not go out of her apartment, but passes the time listening to the police calls, playing with Edie, reading the *Journal & American*, and studying an old International Correspondence Schools course in stenography which she bought in a second-hand-bookstore in Chicago years ago. Practicing shorthand takes her mind off herself. She is aware that such a thing is impossible, but she daydreams about becoming a stenographer the way some women daydream about Hollywood. She says that long ago she learned there is no place in the world outside of a sideshow for a bearded lady. When she was younger she often thought of joining the Catholic Church and going into a nunnery; she had heard of sideshow women who became nuns, although she had never actually known one. A lack of religious conviction deterred her. Religion has been of little solace to her. "I used to belong to the Presbyterians, but I never did feel at home in church," she says. "Everybody eyed me, including the preacher. I rather get my sermons over the radio."

Most of Miss Barnell's colleagues are touchy about the word "freak," preferring to be called artistes or performers. Years ago, because of this, Ringling had to change the name of its sideshow from the Congress of Freaks to the Congress of Strange People. Miss Barnell would like to be considered hardboiled and claims she does not care what she is called. "No matter how nice a name was put on me," she says, "I would still have a beard." Also, she has a certain professional pride. Sometimes, sitting around with other performers in a dressing room, she will say, with a slight air of defiance, that a freak is just as good as any actor, from the Barrymores on down. "If the truth was known, we're all freaks together," she says.

—JOSEPH MITCHELL

•

By the most extraordinary display of political maneuvering ever seen in this country, one man, and solely by the power of his office, has reduced the Democratic convention to a puppet that will speak only the words he puts in its mouth.—*Editorial in the San Francisco Chronicle, July 15th.*

The Democratic convention resembles nothing so much as a badly managed puppet show in which, for want of firm management by the puppet master, the strings moving the figures become entangled, and the figures themselves go in all directions but the right ones. The President, apparently, lacks the Stromboli touch.—*Joseph Alsop and Robert Kintner in the San Francisco Chronicle, same day.*

Funny, he was doing all right a minute ago.

•

Handling a small yacht in a big steep sea is a grand experience not easily forgotten, especially if it be attempted on a pitch dark night, with a little too much canvas aloft for comfort, too big a sea to allow you to take your eyes off each phosphorescent crest as it comes crashing toward you and with a dangerous shoal somewhere to leeward.—*From "Yachting on a Small Income," by Maurice Griffiths.*

Any sharks?

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LETTER FROM LONDON

JULY 28 (BY CABLE)

EXCEPT for isolated air raids and attacks on convoys round the coast, this has been a quiet week. The results of the air battles have confirmed the general impression that the British pilots are outflying the Germans, man for man and plane for plane. On Friday afternoon, newspaper sellers were chalking up on their boards "Twenty-three Planes Down Yesterday"—a new record which was later corrected to twenty-eight and which greatly encouraged people who had already been heartened a night or two earlier by Lord Beaverbrook's broadcast announcement that arrangements had just been made for the production in the United States of 3,000 planes a month for this country. Skeptical listeners were even more impressed by Mr. Morgenthau's subsequent statement that the United States Government had agreed to give the British "every possible facility to place their orders and secure delivery." That, the doubters agreed, means something, though the date of the first of these precious deliveries must necessarily be far distant and time is a factor which may be heartbreakingly decisive.

President Roosevelt, Mr. Hearst, and Miss Dorothy Thompson also made important news here with varying pronouncements this past week. The President's statement on the possibility of sending American vessels to fetch children to the States brought hope to many anxious parents, but his insistence that there should be "reasonable assurances" of immunity from submarine and air attack didn't sound very good, for the recent example of the Meknès is in everybody's mind. Although most Britons believe that the sinking of one child-refugee ship would have the same galvanizing effect on American public opinion that the Lusitania outrage had, there are plenty of people who think that the Germans might be clumsy or callous enough to risk it. Mr. Hearst's resigned (so far as could be judged from the way it was reported here) forecast of the United States' entry into the war created considerable interest, for the average British newspaper reader thinks of Hearst as an unamiable ogre who has persistently roared fee fi fo fum over the blood of all Englishmen while shipping disembowelled English castles to California. Miss Thompson's radio eulogy of Mr. Churchill was also given respectful attention, although modest Englishmen blushed when she referred to "this incredibly delicate and exquisite mechanism, this remarkable and artistic thing—the British Empire."

IN such a relatively peaceful week, people had time to grumble about the budget, which displeased practically everybody, as usual—this time for the novel reason that it was not severe enough. Sir Kingsley Wood was generally expected to stand or fall on the success of the supplementary measures that he had to introduce on Tuesday to bolster up Sir John Simon's earlier and disappointingly feeble effort. First reactions indicated that he had fallen. The old screws of estate and income taxes and duties on beer and tobacco were given a few more twists, but the feeling seemed to be that inflation had come a terrifying step or two nearer and that this budget had caught the man with a large income and the small wage earner, leaving the possessor of a medium income in a comparatively favorable position, especially if he happens to be unmarried or to have no children. The increase on beer and tobacco will make the fighting men glum, while the new book tax and the heavier entertainment duty caused Mr. A. P. Herbert to fume that although Bibles were to be taxed and Handel and Shakespeare were to become luxuries, betting was not taxed at all. Altogether, it was felt that the issue had been shirked once more and that these were not the bold and drastic demands for which the nation is ready after its rough awakening from those nearly fatal months when it was lulled into the belief that everything was lovely. The national capacity for self-sacrifice has so far been only timidly and experimentally tested; the British see far more clearly than the authorities realize that in this war it is neck or nothing.

ALTHOUGH London may not be precisely comfortable, it is at the moment one of the most exhilarating cities in the world in which to find oneself. It can't be comfortable to anyone who hasn't a morbid affection for danger since, as people say simply, however good the defences are, some of those waves of dive bombers which may momentarily be sent against them will certainly get through. Horror may glide down suddenly and noiselessly out of the summer sky as it did on Barcelona, but all the same, it's stimulating to be here, as one of the remaining Americans remarked, because of a new vitality which seems to have been injected into the staid British atmosphere. Possibly the feeling of increased confidence and purpose one gets from everybody is due to the fact that the British people are now not trusting in anybody or anything—not in the French Army or even in the American promise of planes—except the British people. After the bitterness and bewilderment of the last few tragic weeks, there's relief in finding that faith can be so simplified.

The everyday things of life that were thrown out of gear by events are in order again; theatres and restaurants which were doing terrible business are packed once more. Although the city looks normal enough on the surface, there's always the underlying knowledge that at any instant this state of affairs may be violently ended. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald probably spoke for millions of ordinary and quite unheroic men and women when he said in a speech the other day that if he could choose the moment in which he most wanted to be alive, he would choose a few days or a few weeks hence, or whenever the enemy would strike with his maximum force against this island.

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES

•

BUCKS Co., Pa.—On Neshaminy Creek, near Delaware River; about 2 acres, with lovely home, play pavilion, 2-room house, cabin cruiser 28 feet by 6 feet, Star engine, float and bride; $20,000.—*Adv. in the Times.*

It's a mighty complete proposition any way you look at it.

•

William E. Ziegler, proprietor of the Paterson Storage Battery Company, 9 Bank street, will regret to learn that he has been confined to his home at 29 North Fourth Street. On Tuesday, acute indigestion and a severe attack of the grip caused him to be rushed to the office of Dr. Pernetti and later to his home.

—*Paterson (N.J.) Morning Call.*

How fast news spreads these days!

•

COMMANDER ATLANTIC SQUADRON

Officers and Midshipmen cordially invite the membres of the American Colony to a reception on board the U. S. S. TEXAS at La Guaira, Venezuela, on Thursday, June twenty-seventh from three thirty to six thirsty o'clock.—*Announcement in El Universal, Caracas, Venezuela.*

Well, they can't say they weren't warned.

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OF ALL THINGS

MUSSOLINI does athletic stunts for the reporters to prove that he is not sick and tired. But this does not dispose of the rumor that everybody is sick and tired of Mussolini.

•

It is pretty clear that Hitler's radio invasion of England has not achieved its purpose. John Bull stubbornly refuses to shake hands or shake knees.

•

Willkie declines to play cowboy-and-Indian for the benefit of news photographers. Now who's violating sacred American traditions?

•

Some Democrats are still disgruntled about the nomination of Wallace because he was a Republican up to 1932. They ought to remember that the best temperance lectures are always given by reformed drunkards.

•

The G. O. P. National Committee wants lots of one-dollar contributions, but no deception is involved. The nominee states frankly that the money will buy you no ambassadorship.

•

The Germans report that the bewildered Poles have forgotten the past and take no interest in the future. From what we hear, their present isn't much fun, either.

•

The Irish make it plain that they will defend their neutrality without help from the British. They speak like brave, sturdy, independent people who have not read the papers lately.

•

Mrs. William E. Corwith, head of the American Legion Auxiliary, feels that the Rhode Island Reds should have their names changed. Obviously, this is no time to fill ourselves with subversive poultry.

•

Congressmen have apparently given up all idea of going home. They are held in Washington by a strong sense of duty and air-cooled offices.

•

When the weather is unbearably hot, the best thing to do is read what income taxes Britishers have to pay. That will make anybody shiver.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

PARIS POSTSCRIPT—I

On Saturday, May 11th, the day after the Germans invaded Holland and Belgium, I had a letter from Jean-Pierre, a corporal in one of the two French armored divisions, which were created after the Polish campaign. They were good divisions, and Jean-Pierre had no way of knowing that the Germans had six times as many. "The real rough-house is about to begin," he wrote. "So much the better! It will be like bursting an abscess." Jean-Pierre, whose parents were my oldest friends in France, was a strong, quiet boy who in civil life had been a draughtsman in an automobile factory. He liked to play ice hockey and collect marine algae. He had not wanted a soft job in a factory during the war because he did not want to be considered a coward.

On the same morning I had a telephone conversation with another friend of mine, Captain de Sombreuil, who had just arrived from Alsace on furlough. Upon reaching the Gare de l'Est, he had learned that all furloughs were cancelled, so he was going back by the next train. He called me up to say that he wouldn't be able to go to the races at Auteuil with me as he had planned. "It's good that it's starting at last," he said. "We can beat the Boches and have it over with by autumn."

In the afternoon I went to Auteuil alone. I watched a horse belonging to Senator Hennessy, the cognac man, win the Prix Wild Monarch for three-year-old hurdlers. The track was crowded with people whose main preoccupations seemed to be the new three-year-olds and the new fashions being worn by the women. That day the Germans were taking Arnhem and Maastricht in Holland and attacking Rotterdam with parachutists. Nobody worried much. Everyone was eager principally to know whether French troops had yet made contact with the enemy. "The Boches have business with somebody their own size now!" they said pugnaciously. "They will see we are not Poles or Norwegians!" It was conceivable, of course, that the Germans would win a few victories, but it would be a long war, like the last one. All France, hypnotized by 1918, still thought in terms of concentrated artillery preparations, followed by short advances and then, probably, by counterattacks. Even if the Allied troops should fail to save Holland, they would join the Belgians in holding the supposedly magnificent fortified line of the Albert Canal. At worst, the armies could fall back to the Franco-Belgian frontier, where, the newspapers had been proclaiming since September, there was a defensive system practically as strong as the Maginot Line. Confidence was a duty. The advertising department of the Magasins du Louvre discovered another duty for France. The store's slogan was "Madame, it is your duty to be elegant!" "They shall not pass" was considered *vieux jeu* and hysterical. The optimistic do-nothingism of the Chamberlain and Daladier regimes was, for millions of people, the new patriotism. Ten days before the war began in May, Alfred Duff Cooper told the Paris American Club, "We have found a new way to make war—without sacrificing human lives."

The news of the break-through at Sedan, which reached Paris on the fifth day of the offensive, was, for a few Parisians who were both pessimistic and analytical, the beginning of fear. But it happened so quickly, so casually, as presented in the communiqués, that the unreflective didn't take it seriously. The Belgian refugees began to arrive in Paris a few days after the fighting started. The great, sleek cars of the de-luxe refugees came first. The bicycle refugees arrived soon after. Slick-haired, sullen young men wearing pullover sweaters shot out of the darkness with terrifying, silent speed. They had the air of conquerors rather than of fugitives. Many of them undoubtedly were German spies. Ordinary destitute refugees arrived later by train and as extra riders on trucks. Nothing else happened at first to change the daily life of the town.

Tuesday evening, May 14th, I climbed the hill of Montmartre to the Rue Gabrielle to visit Jean-Pierre's parents. Henri, Jean-Pierre's father, had long limbs and sad eyes; he combined the frame of a high jumper and the mustaches of a Napoleonic grenadier. He was a good Catholic, and by birth and training he belonged to the wealthier bourgeoisie. By temperament, which he had never been allowed to indulge, he was a bohemian. A long struggle to succeed in business, which he secretly detested, had ended in a defeat just

"Well, good evening, Mrs. Roosevelt!"

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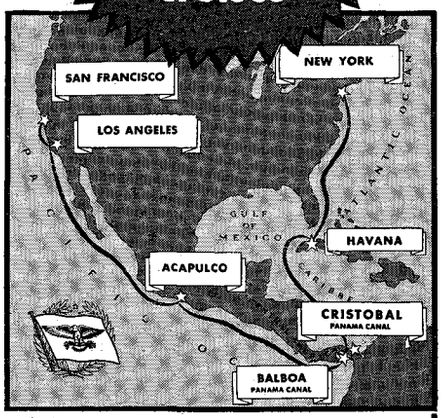

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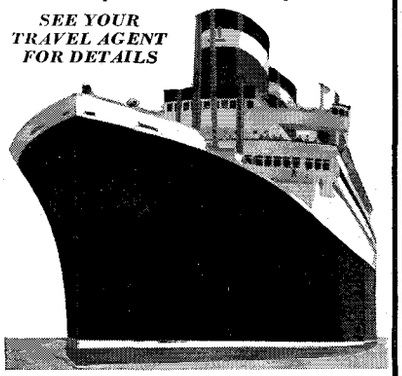

U. S. Lines

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short of total. When war was declared, he was working for a firm of textile stylists whose customers were chiefly foreign mills. Since September, business had fallen off drastically and Henri had had nothing to do except drop in once in a while to keep up the firm's desultory correspondence. Henri spoke English, German, and Dutch in addition to French, and sometimes sang in a deep voice which sounded like a good but slightly flawed 'cello. He often said that he was happy to be living, at last, high on Montmartre, just under Sacré-Cœur. His wife, Eglée, would never have permitted him to live there for any reason less compelling than poverty. Eglée, before her marriage to Henri, had been a buyer in a department store. Recently she had devised a muslin money belt for soldiers to wear under their shirts. She worked an average of sixteen hours a day, making the belts with a frantic dexterity, but about once a fortnight she got so exhausted that she had to stay in bed for two or three days. She had placed the belts in several of the department stores, but her profit was small. Eglée and Henri were both about sixty years old. For thirty-five years Henri had pretended to like trade in order to hold his wife's respect, and Eglée had pretended to loathe trade in order to hold Henri's affection. Neither had succeeded in deceiving the other. He brooded, she scolded, he drank a little, they quarrelled incessantly, and they loved each other more than any two people I have ever known.

As I came into their apartment Tuesday night, Eglée was saying she felt sure Jean-Pierre was dead. Henri said that was nonsense. She said he was an unfeeling parent. Henri became angry and silent. Then he said that often, when he was at Verdun, Eglée had not heard from him for a week at a time. She said that Henri was always talking about Verdun and belittling "Jean-Pierre's war." "To think that after these years of preparing to avoid the old mistakes," Henri said, "the Germans are now eighty miles from us. If they get to Paris, it's all over." Eglée said he was a defeatist to mention such an eventuality. He said, "I am not a defeatist. I am an old soldier and also an old travelling man, and I know how near they are to Paris." I tried to console him by saying that the Dutch, at any rate, were fighting better than anyone had expected. Henri had cousins in Holland. Eglée said the Dutch were Boches and would before long prove it.

The next morning there was a radio announcement that the Dutch had surrendered in Europe but were going to continue the war in the East Indies. In the afternoon, some of the American correspondents, including myself, went to the Netherlands Legation to meet Mynheer Van Kleffens, the Netherlands Minister for Foreign Affairs, who had arrived from London to explain the Dutch decision. Van Kleffens, accompanied by the Netherlands Minister to France and the Netherlands Minister for National Defence, received us and the journalists of other neutral countries in the Legation garden. While we were talking, sadly and quietly, among the trees, the French were losing the war. On that Wednesday, May 15th, the Germans made the deep incision which a few days later was to split the Allied armies. The Foreign Minister, a blond, long-faced man, had a pet phrase which he repeated many times, as a man does when he is too tired to think of new forms for his thought. "The Germans tried this," he would say, recounting some particular method of the German attack, and then he would add, "It failed." "It failed," he would say, and again, "It failed"—until you thought he was talking of a long, victorious Dutch resistance—and then finally, "But to fight longer was hopeless." "We will fight on" was another recurrent phrase. When we asked him whether the Dutch had any planes left to fight with, he said, "No. We had fifty bombers. The last one flew off and dropped its last bomb and never returned."

Holland, with one-tenth the population of Germany but with several times the wealth per capita, had presented fifty bombers against five thousand. It had been comfortable to believe in neutrality, and cheap. Norway, with the fourth largest merchant marine in the world, had not built the few good light cruisers and destroyers which might have barred the weak German navy from its ports. France herself had economized on the Maginot Line, had decided it was too expensive to extend the fortifications from Luxembourg to the sea. The democracies had all been comfortable and fond of money. Thinking of the United States, I was uneasy.

THE first panic of the war hit Paris Thursday, May 16th. It affected, however, only the most highly sensitized layers of the population: the correspondents, the American and British

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war-charity workers, and the French politicians. In Paris, because of censorship, news of disaster always arrived unofficially and twenty-four hours late. On the evening of the catastrophic May 15th, even the neurotic clientele of the Ritz and Crillon bars had been calm. But on Thursday people began telling you about Germans at Meaux and south of Soissons, points the Germans didn't actually reach until over three weeks later. There was a run on the Paris branch of the Guaranty Trust Company by American depositors. I lunched in a little restaurant I frequently went to on the Rue Ste.-Anne, and after the meal, M. Bisque, the proprietor, suggested that we go to the Gare du Nord to see the refugees. M. Bisque cried easily. Like most fine cooks, he was emotional and a heavy drinker. He had a long nose like a woodcock and a mustache which had been steamed over cookpots until it hung lifeless from his lip. Since my arrival in France in October he had taken me periodically on his buying trips to the markets so that I could see the Germans weren't starving Paris. On these trips we would carry a number of baskets and, as we filled one after another with oysters, artichokes, or pheasants, we would leave them at a series of bars where we stopped for a drink of apple brandy. The theory was that when we had completed our round of the markets we would circle back on our course, picking up the baskets, and thus avoid a lot of useless carrying. It worked all right when we could remember the bars where we had left the various things, but sometimes we couldn't, and on such occasions M. Bisque would cry that *restauration* was a cursed *métier*, and that if the government would permit he would take up his old rifle and leave for the front. But they would have to let him wear horizon blue; he could not stand the sight of khaki because it reminded him of the English. "They say the English are very brave at sea," he would say, winking slowly, "but who knows? We don't see them, eh?"

The trip to the Gare du Nord was solemn. M. Bisque dragged me to see various mothers sitting on rolls of bedding and surrounded by miauling children; his eyes would water, and he would offer a child a two-franc piece, and then haul me to the buffet, where he would fortify himself with a glass of Beaujolais. At the buffet I remember meeting a red-bearded gnome of a colonial soldier who kept referring to himself as "a real porpoise." "Porpoise" was the traditional Army term for a colonial infantryman. "A real porpoise," the

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Voguishly slender

PERFECTO CHICO 10c
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First in the Social Register

soldier repeated dreamily, "an old porpoise, and believe me, Monsieur, the Germans need *somebody* to bust their snouts for them." He had two complete sets of decorations, one from the old war and one from the new. He was going north to rejoin his regiment and he was full of fight and red wine.

Saturday morning I had another note from Jean-Pierre. He enclosed a bit of steel from a Dornier shot down near him. "How I am still alive I have not time to write to you," he said, "but chance sometimes manages things well." The letter produced the same effect on me as news of a great victory. I called up Henri. He and Eglée had had a letter too.

ON Saturday, May 18th, I went to a press conference held by the Ministry of Information, which had just organized an Anglo-American press section, with quarters in a vast, rococo ballroom at the Hôtel Continental called the Salle des Fêtes. Pierre Comert, chief of the section, held conferences for the correspondents at six every evening, when he would discuss the day's developments from the government's point of view. This evening he announced that Paul Reynaud had taken over the Ministry of National Defence. He also announced that Reynaud had recalled Marshal Pétain from Spain to advise him. General Weygand had already arrived from Syria and it was understood that he would take over the high command in a few days. The two great names, in conjunction, were expected to raise national morale. The two old men, however, were military opposites. Pétain, cautious at sixty, when he had defended Verdun, was at eighty-four incapable of conceiving any operation bolder than an orderly retreat. Weygand believed in unremitting attack. One staff officer later told me, "Weygand's ideas are so old-fashioned that they have become modern again. He is just what we need." Strategically, the two men cancelled each other, but politically they were a perfect team. Both were clericals, royalists, and anti-parliamentarians. There is something about very old soldiers like Hindenburg and Pétain that makes democrats trust them. But Pétain was to serve Laval's purpose as Hindenburg had served Hitler's. However, we were cheerful on the evening we heard about the appointments.

The German advance was apparently slowing down, and all of us thought that Weygand might arrange a counter-attack soon. A week earlier we had been expecting victories. Now we were cheered by a slightly slower tempo of disaster.

THERE was a hot, heavy pause the next few days. I took long walks on the boulevards, and up and down dull, deserted business streets. The wartime population of Paris had slowly increased from late November until April, as evacuated families returned from the provinces, but since the beginning of the offensive the population had again decreased. All the people who remained in town seemed to concentrate on the boulevards. It gave them comfort to look at one another. They were not yet consciously afraid, however. There were long queues in front of the movie houses, especially those that showed double features. You could get a table at a sidewalk café only with difficulty, and the ones that had girl orchestras did particularly well. One girl orchestra, at the Grande Maxeville, was called the Joyous Wings and its bandstand and instruments had been decorated with blue airplanes. There were no young soldiers in the streets, because no furloughs were being issued.

It is simple now to say, "The war on the Continent was lost on May 15th." But as the days in May passed, people in Paris only gradually came to suspect how disastrous that day had been. There was a time lag between every blow and the effect on public morale. I can't remember exactly when I first became frightened, or when I first began to notice that the shapes of people's faces were changing. There was plenty of food in Paris. People got thin worrying. I think I noticed first the thinning faces of the sporting girls in the cafés. Since the same girls came to the same cafés every night, it was easy to keep track. Then I became aware that the cheekbones, the noses, and the jaws of all Paris were becoming more prominent.

There was no immediate danger in Paris unless the Germans bombed it, and when the news was in any degree encouraging I did not think of bombing at all. When the news was bad I thought of bombing with apprehension It helped me understand why troops in a winning army are frequently brave and on the

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losing side aren't. We heard anti-aircraft fire every night now, but there were no air-raid alarms, because the planes the guns were firing at were reconnaissance planes. The heaviest shooting would begin in the gray period just before dawn. You wouldn't really settle down to sleep until the morning shooting was over, and you wouldn't wake up until noon.

On the night of May 21st, after Paul Reynaud announced to the Senate that the Germans were at Arras and that France was in danger, I had a *frousse*—a scare—of such extreme character that it amounted to *le trac*, which means a complete funk. It was an oppressively hot night, with thunder as well as anti-aircraft fire, interspersed with noises which sounded like the detonations of bombs in the suburbs. When I lay on my bed face down, I couldn't help thinking of a slave turning his back to the lash, and when I lay on my back I was afraid of seeing the ceiling fall on me. Afterward I talked to dozens of other people about that night and they all said they'd suffered from the same funk. The next morning's papers carried Weygand's opinion that the situation was not hopeless. This cheered everybody. It has since been revealed that May 21st, the day of the great *frousse*, was the day set for the counterattack which might have cracked the Germans. It never came, and by May 22nd, when we were all beginning to feel encouraged, the opportunity had been missed.

Later that day, word got around among the correspondents that negotiations were already on for a separate peace and that if the French didn't sign it the Germans might arrive in Paris in a few days. This counteracted the effect of the Weygand message. Still later, I felt encouraged again as I watched a city gardener weed a bed of petunias in the Square Louvois, the tiny park under my hotel window. Surely, I thought, if the old man believed the Germans were coming in, he would not be bothering with the petunias.

THE greatest encouragement I got during those sad weeks came from Jean-Pierre. Shortly after the Reynaud speech, I went up the hill to Montmartre to take some flowers to Jean-Pierre's mother. For once, Henri and Eglée were smiling at the same time. "You should have been here early this morning for a good surprise!" Henri shouted. "At five there was a knock at our door." "And who do you suppose it was?" his wife cried, taking over the

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Each jingle must be accompanied by the front panel, bearing the price-mark, of any Burma-Shave carton, tube or jar.

All entries must be postmarked not later than midnight August 31, 1940. No entries returned.

Decision of judges is final. No correspondence possible.

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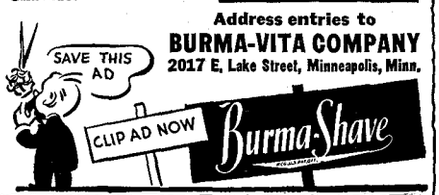

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and the
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narrative. "Suzette?" I demanded, naming their married daughter, who lived in Grenoble. I was sure that it had been Jean-Pierre, but I wanted to prolong Eglée's pleasure. "No," Eglée announced happily. "It was Jean-Pierre. He was magnificent. He looked like a cowboy." "He came with his *adjudant*," Henri broke in, "to get engine parts they needed for tanks. The boy has no rest, you know," he said proudly. "When the division goes into action he fights. When they are in reserve and the other fellows rest, he is head of a repair section. He is a magician with engines. And his morale is good! He says that the first days were hard, but that now they know they can beat the Boche."

"On the first day of the battle, Jean-Pierre's general was arrested," Eglée said, with a sort of pride. "What *canaille!* Jean said it was fantastic what a traitor the general turned out to be. And there were German spies in French officers' uniforms!" "They met a regiment of artillery without officers," Henri said, "but completely! 'So much the better,' the artillerists said. 'They were traitors anyway. But where in the name of God are we supposed to go?' Fifteen German bombers appeared over Jean-Pierre's unit. 'We're in for it,' he said to himself. But the boy was lucky. The Germans had dropped their bombs elsewhere. Then Jean-Pierre's unit met German tanks. He says our fellows rode right over them. 'There may be a great many of them,' he said, 'but we are better than they are. Our guns penetrate them but they do not penetrate us. As for the spy problem, we have solved that. We simply shoot all officers we do not know.' Jean-Pierre and the *adjudant* stayed for breakfast. Then they had to go away."

Although I knew that an individual soldier had no chance to understand a military situation as a whole, Jean-Pierre's optimism raised my spirits considerably. I believed fully the details of the encounter with the German tanks. Jean-Pierre was of that peculiar race of engine-lovers who cannot lie about the performance of a mechanical thing.

When I returned to my hotel, I passed along Jean-Pierre's confident report to Toutou, the hotel's cashier, with whom I often discussed the war. She was a patriot but a congenital pessimist. All the employees slept on the top floor of the hotel, and as soon as Toutou had read of the German parachutists in Holland she had bought a revolver and cartridges. "If one lands on the roof, I'll pop him!" she had said. "Or perhaps as he descends past my window!"

IN each week of disaster there was an Indian summer of optimism. On the third Sunday after the offensive started, I had dinner with Henri and Eglée. We teased one another about our forebodings a fortnight earlier. "Do you remember how sure you were that the Germans would be here momentarily?" Eglée said to me. "And how you were certain that Jean-Pierre was no longer alive?" Henri asked Eglée. "It seems a year ago," I said sincerely. "I must admit that the French have their heart well hooked on. Any other people would have caved in after such a blow. I wonder where Weygand will make the counterattack." "In Luxembourg, in my opinion," Henri said. "If he made the counterattack too far to the west he would not catch enough Boches. A good wide turning movement, and you will see—the whole band of them will have to scramble off. They will be on the other side of the Albert Canal again in a week."

We talked and listened to the radio, and, as usual, I stayed for tea, then for supper, and then for the final news bulletin broadcast at eleven-thirty. The bulletins earlier in the day had been dull. But something in the speaker's voice this time warned us, as soon as he commenced, that the news was bad. We began to get sad before he had said anything important. Then he said, "Whatever the result of the battle in Flanders, the high command has made provision that the enemy will not profit strategically by its result." "What can he mean?" Eglée asked. "He means that they are preparing to embark that army for England," Henri said. "Unless the enemy captures the army, his victory is tactical but not strategical." "But why must they embark?" Eglée asked. "I do not know," Henri said almost savagely. That was the day—though none of us knew it—that King Leopold told his Ministers he was going to give up. Eglée began to cry. "Now they are coming to Paris," she said, "now they are coming to Paris." —A. J. LIEBLING

(This is the first of two articles on the fall of the French Republic. The second will appear next week.)

•

FULLER EXPLANATION DEPT.

[From the Indianapolis News]

The reason for the colored birth decline, he added, appears to be a high proportion of childlessness among colored women.

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MALONEY'S ENGLISH USAGE

A PRETTY little problem in English grammar has bobbed up over on West Fifty-second Street, on a sign displayed in front of the Alvin Theatre. It presents the old difficulty with the distinction between "shall" and "will," in what seems to me to be an especially troublesome form; it also brings to notice the fact, too seldom regarded by professional grammarians, that grammatical laws are affected by the human equation. I quote from the sign, which is written so that he who runs from Ruby Foo's to the Hickory House may read:

NOTICE
During July and August
There Will Be
No Saturday
Performances
of
Alfred LUNT and Lynn FONTANNE
in
"There Shall
Be No Night"

Now, what we have here is a permissible "will" and a permissible "shall" in an unpermissible juxtaposition. That is, nobody would think there was anything wrong with "There Will Be No Saturday Performances" or with "There Shall Be No Night," considered separately. Placed together in a single communication, however, they create the same effect on a sensitive reader as would a piece of chalk squeaking on a blackboard.

I am inclined to place the responsibility for this awkwardness squarely in the lap of the house manager of the Alvin Theatre, who, I assume, composed the notice. For one thing, Robert Sherwood, the author of "There Shall Be No Night," got his title from what most people consider a stylistically impeccable source, the Bible (New York, 1936. 1239 pp. Simon & Schuster). You can find the quotation in the Book of Revelations: "And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it . . . And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day: for there shall be no night there."

It is only fair to say that John, the prophet of Revelations, is not in a completely impregnable position as regards this question. I note that Fowler, in his "Modern English Usage," accords only a grudging approval to what he terms the "oracular-prophetic" use of "shall." He says that, in comparison with other

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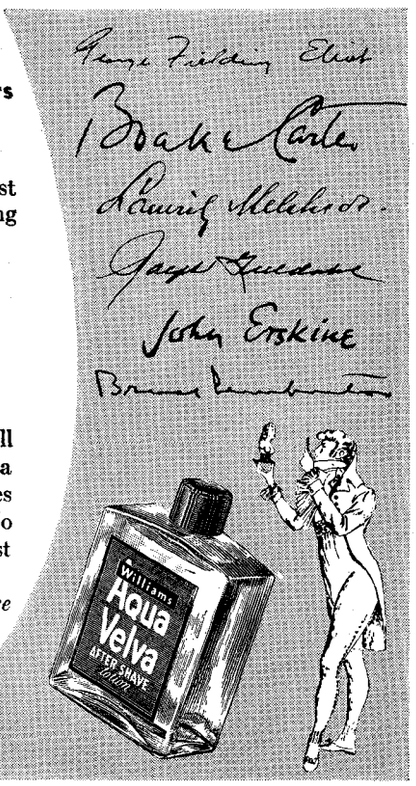

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INDIAN QUININE WATER

Only recipe for the original, authentic "Gin-and-Tonic" . . . gin, ice, a slice of lemon . . . and Schweppes Indian Quinine Water. *By the makers of the world-famous Schweppes Soda Water and Schweppes Ginger Beer.*

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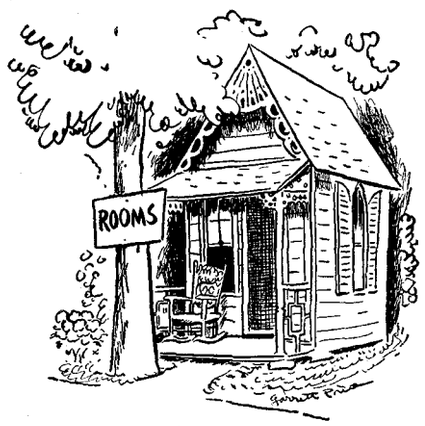
"decorative" uses of the word, it is "far less conscious & artificial, but also better avoided." The grand old precisian would undoubtedly have bluepencilled it from "There shall be no night," on the ground that the more firmly a man believes in his own prophecies, the more firmly he is bound by the rules of grammar to use "will," which indicates a simple, impersonal, unclouded belief that something is coming to pass in the future. I have no doubt that a showdown would find Fowler standing shoulder to shoulder with the house manager of the Alvin. The fellow knew there were going to be no Saturday performances of "There Shall Be No Night," and, by Gad, he said so, with no frills or flourishes. And I cannot myself deny that he was technically correct. My only complaint is that he created an awkward situation. That is where the human equation comes in.

As soon as it became apparent that "There Shall Be No Night" was going to run into the summer, the cast and producers, I imagine, talked over the question of a vacation. It is not likely that any difficulties with "shall" or "will" arose during the conference, either. I can (with Miss Fontanne's permission) imagine her saying, "I *will* have a two-day weekend! If I don't get a rest every week, I shall be ill." Then, possibly, Mr. Sherwood (for the Playwrights' Company) patted her shoulder and said, "We'll fix it up. You shall have your two-day weekend." Then, to the house manager, "Will you arrange it? Put up a notice, and so on?" Mr. Sherwood could of course have said, "You shall arrange it," indicating (in the second and third persons) subjection to a command, obligation, promise, or permission, but I do not think he would be so tactless. A house manager feels bad enough about darkening his house for an extra day of the week without having it rubbed in.

It is a curious fact, and one which has some bearing on this discussion, that if there is any person in our civilization who is the temperamental counterpart of a Biblical prophet, it is the house manager of a big midtown theatre. Both are testy pessimists. Even if a house manager has a Pulitzer Prize-winning play in his theatre, he remembers the flops he has had, and knows in an oracular-prophetic way that more are coming. You might logically expect his prose to be cast in the same mold, leading to a use of "shall" in an announcement. In general, the oracular-prophetic mood is one into which theatrical people fall easily, even if they are merely announcing that they are going across the street for a haircut. It is my idea that the house manager of the Alvin was deterred from using "shall" by the fact that he was announcing bad, or at least negative, news; namely, no Saturday performances. He wanted to give it as modest billing as possible, hence the simple future tense.



The only way I can see out of this dilemma, the clash of "shall" and "will," is to rewrite the sign. To this, the house manager of the Alvin might reply that he was on firm ground grammatically and that he saw no reason to relax his principles. No writer, however, can afford to live on this lofty plane, even a man writing a sign to put in front of a theatre. It would be difficult to find a professional writer whose principles are not as relaxed as a pair of old garters. That's what makes writing the soul-killing work it is. To get back to the Lunts' long weekend, I would announce it like this: "No Saturday Performances Until Further Notice," or, still better, "No Monday Performances Until Further Notice." Business is bad enough on Saturday in the summer, but on Monday it's brutal. —Russell Maloney

• •

MILLENNIUM

Some day,
Some blank, odd, pallid, immemorial day,
Some curious Monday,
Some Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Or maybe Sunday,
I shall arise, dishevelled and a gaper,
To scan the paper
And stare thereon, thumb through, search it for clues,
Peruse and reperuse,
And find no news.
Nothing to heat the blood or race the pulse,
Nothing at all—
No six-inch headlines screaming a war's results
Or a city's fall;
No bombs, no threats, catastrophes, alarms,
No feats of arms,
No foe at any gate,
No politics, no shouting candidate;
No riot, strike, invasion, battle-rumbling,
Or nation crumbling;
Nothing Exclusive, not a censored phrase,
No Scoops, no Exposés;
No crisis either foreign or domestic,
Nothing wild, urgent, imminent, or drastic
Happening on the earth.
Only reports of weather, and the birth
Of triplets to a lioness at the Zoo
(Printed inside a box),
And yesterday's sermons, seeming scarcely new,
And something about the White-or-Sundry Sox;
An actress married or divorced or dead;
Who led
The golfing in some tournament or other.
Oh, I shall smother
In ennui, I shall nod and yawn
And fling the dull sheets down upon the lawn,
Bored near to death by what they have to say
On that strange, beautiful day.

—Phyllis McGinley

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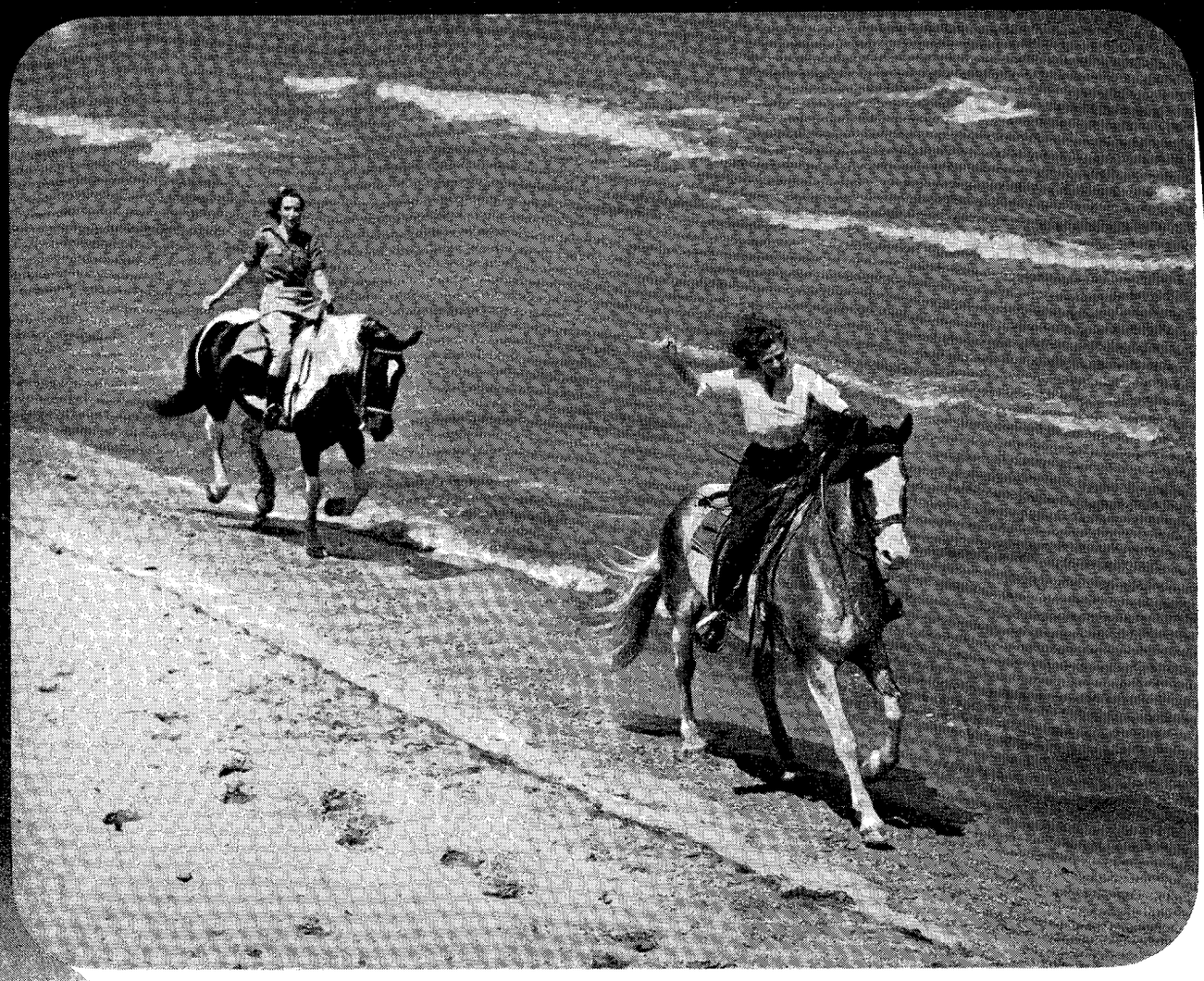

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

ABOUT THE HOUSE

IF yours is a life complicated by plans for fall building, remodelling, or decorating on a somewhat grand scale, one of the things you ought to do as soon as possible is to see the antique European porcelain stoves at Edwin Jackson, the fireplace shop, at 175 East 60th Street. They're fresh from a rare private collection, and may quite possibly represent the last chance New Yorkers will have in years, if not ever, to obtain anything of the kind for their own homes.

The chances are that you haven't given much thought to porcelain stoves —either as decorative pieces of sentimental and even historic value or as practical heating units. Anyone who has ever seen one, though, in Europe, or in the upstairs dining room at Hampshire House, or just at "There Shall Be No Night," can testify that falling in love with one is a feat requiring little talent and no effort at all. It may, however, run you into more expense than it's worth unless you take the plunge while your building and decorating plans are still just plans, for a porcelain stove is no toy. You can't just set one up any old place afterward. These stoves are period pieces that would stick out like sore thumbs in inappropriate settings. They need plenty of room, too; it's nothing for a porcelain stove to tower seven to nine feet from the floor. Some of them, not content with requiring a stovepipe outlet to a chimney flue, have to be built right through an inside wall between two rooms. Their beautiful front façades of gleaming porcelain belly out into the important room, and they are fueled through doors at the back, on the kitchen or hall side. A stove like this, or a simpler sort which is no harder to install than a Franklin stove or an old-fashioned kitchen range, makes a thrifty coal- or wood-burning heater that may earn its keep on chill evenings when the furnace isn't operating.

It won't surprise you to learn you can spend up to $2,500 for one of the stoves at Jackson's. The majority are between $700 and $900, though one small example, attractively set with Wedgwood plaques, is only $300. There are several baroque Austrian stoves, looking like enormous frosted wedding cakes, in white porcelain as fine as tableware; a lovely Alsatian in buttery yellow; and a slim, patrician Louis XVI, delicately columned and formal. German stoves are set with picture tiles, dainty French and Swiss boudoir ones are shaped like the Sedan chairs of Marie Antoinette's day. Any of them could be the making of a room, but, as I have suggested, it would have to be the right room.

DESPITE all the to-do in recent years about the modernization of closets, plenty of housekeepers are still glad their closets aren't on public display. In good time for fall renovating, there's an exhibit in the Closet Shop at Lewis & Conger which may provide the final push needed to turn these laggard ladies into buyers of shelf edgings, quilted taffeta, garment bags, and labelled shelf boxes, just like the things you see in the home-decoration magazines. Three sample storage rooms, each five by seven feet, or a little bigger than most of us own, are fitted respectively as a closet for luggage and sports equipment, a clothes closet and dressing room for a lady, and the same thing for a gentleman. You could live most of the day in either of the closet-dressing rooms, which have, aside from their mothproofing installations, such showpiece fittings as an electric ventilating system and a radio, but it's really their beautiful economy of space that sets you scheming and taking notes. A glance at their double clothes racks, one at standard height and one—with special hangers mounted on poles —just below the ceiling, will make you blush for never having thought of the idea yourself. The drawers are set low, and above them shelves and cabinets mount to the ceiling. You reach the top ones with a step-stool. In the man's closet (why not in the lady's, too?) the step-stool has a trough for shoeshine equipment and a foot rest for amateur polishing efforts.

If you are dealing with your storage

"Just how slightly imperfect are they?"

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problems in piecemeal fashion, however, there are plenty of devices elsewhere in Lewis & Conger to give you a lift. To start, there's a remarkable something called the Lazy Susan shoe wheel ($7.85), which accommodates eight pairs of shoes on trees that radiate like spokes from a hub. The wheel is held upright in a frame; you set it alongside your dressing chair and spin it until the shoes you want come to hand. Other shoe racks of the conventional slanted-shelf sort are topped with shelves for handbags—$15.95 for one to hang on a wall or a door; $21 for a big one that holds twelve pairs of shoes and twelve handbags and stands on its own feet.

Lewis & Conger have a lot of bath and dressing-room equipment to show you, too. A bathroom scale that lets down from the wall is no trouble to install or detach, for it simply screws in place and can be taken along, when you move, without bringing a lawsuit down on your head. It's $7.95. Glove dryers, made of wood, look like sculptures of cacti and are so decorative you'll probably put them on the mantel; $3.95 a pair. Those metal holders for boxes of soap flakes and scouring powder have been made as attractive as possible in pastels with painted flower bouquets, or in deep colors with plumes, and there are lotion bottles, dusting-powder boxes, and outsize holders for five hundred sheets of cleansing tissue to match.

TIMELY crystal at Carole Stupell, at 501 Madison (53rd), includes sparkling, footed, corn-on-the-cob plates, shaped to hold the ears without undue rolling and skidding, and a bubble-glass berry service that couldn't be prettier, for each plate has a different glass fruit in color perched on its edge, and the serving dish wears a curled green stem as a handle. The big dish is $5, the plates are $15 for six. A crystal cigarette box, with a three-letter sterling-silver monogram which stands on end to make a lifter for the cover, is $10.50, and a matching ashtray, with the monogram, across the top, making a resting place for cigarettes, is $9.50. The pair of them may be just the reward for that heroic hostess in whose household you have whiled away summer weekends when you had nothing better to do. —B. B.

•

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—Picture caption in the Times.

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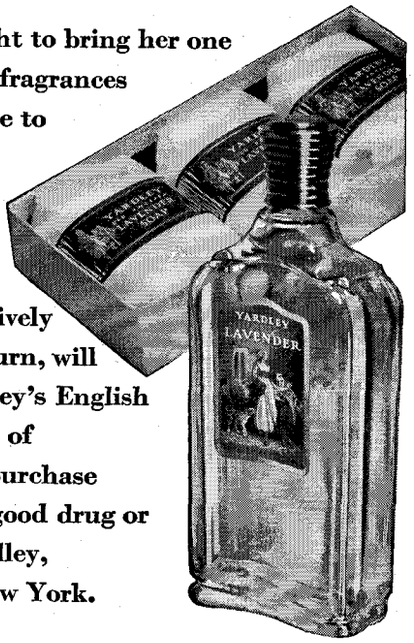

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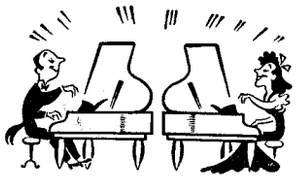

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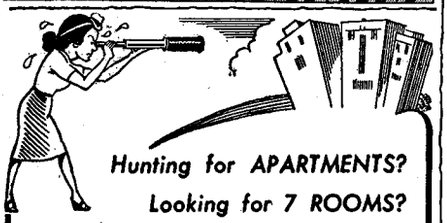

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THE TENNIS COURTS

Riggs vs. Eccentricity

ALTHOUGH every one of the ten ranking amateurs except Sabin, who is suspended, and McNeill, who was tired, showed up at Sea Bright last week, the grapevine had it that Francis L. Kovacs, unranked and unseeded, would be in at the finish. The grapevine, as it turned out, never said a truer word. Kovacs breezed through five rounds, faltering only in the quarterfinals, where he lost a set to Parker, and it looked as though sheer momentum might carry him right on through Riggs in the finals. The only interested party who discounted this possibility was Riggs himself, who had already beaten Kovacs more than once. The result of this meeting between an immovable wall and a not quite irresistible force was a five-set victory for the wall: 2–6, 0–6, 6–3, 11–9, 10–8. It was the best tennis Sea Bright has ever seen and probably the best the amateurs have offered anywhere since Budge left them to their own devices.

Kovacs is astoundingly lazy. He seems to have a horror of bending at the waist or putting his shoulders into his service. His shots off either side, especially his backhand, are the more incredible when you notice that his wrist is doing most of the work; his ability to top the net by a fraction of an inch and find the baseline corners is the more impressive when you consider that he is shooting from the hip. Riggs and Parker were both confounded repeatedly by Kovacs' lackadaisical style, the chief advantage of which is that it never reveals the direction the ball is going to take. Riggs survived this unorthodoxy by a combination of gameness and brainwork that got him through four match points, and by finally persuading the tournament committee to let him wear spikes, so that he could take his mind off his feet. It's hard to understand why Riggs always skids more often than any of his opponents, but it's also hard to deny him a remedy for such an obviously genuine trouble.

The gallery at Sea Bright was all for Kovacs, chiefly because of his engaging smile and his shambling, unconcerned way of moving about the court. Kovacs, on the other hand, does not like galleries. He is constantly asking, through the umpires, that they quiet down, and once, when he was good-naturedly hissed during his match with Riggs for what looked like stalling, he turned toward the stands and hissed back. When the gallery wasn't bothering him, the ball boys were. They appeared to offend his sense of design, and he was forever waving them from one apparently unobtrusive position to another.

While we're on the subject of clowns—and there seems to be an unusually fine crop in tennis this year—Gilbert Hunt was also at Sea Bright. Hunt is a mystery man who scares the daylights out of all the boys from Riggs on down, simply because they are convinced that he can beat any one of them if he thinks it's worth his while. Riggs, who lost to Hunt two years ago in the Nationals, confessed that he was a lot more apprehensive about Hunt last week than he was about Kovacs. He remembered that at Forest Hills Hunt had called the approximate score of each set in their five-set match and had lost two of them, 0–6, 0–6, because, as he explained, he could get more practice than his opponent if he drove a lot of balls out so that they couldn't be returned. It was too hot for such antics at Sea Bright, and Hunt defaulted after Riggs had won the two sets played.

THE ladies' tournaments, both singles and doubles, went pretty much according to form, although Dorothy Bundy and Mary Arnold gave the Misses Marble and Palfrey a little more trouble in the doubles finals than was expected. This was because Miss Bundy and Miss Arnold, who were hitting extremely well, kept aiming at Miss Palfrey, who was not. If Miss Marble hadn't stepped in occasionally and taken shots that were not meant for her, the other two might easily have won. As it was, they did get one set and broke through Miss Marble's service in another. . . . Arthur Marx, the freshman intercollegiate champion and Groucho's son, came down with the mumps on the second day of the tournament, probably just for a gag. —D. E. L.

•

RAISED EYEBROWS DEPARTMENT

[*From the Philadelphia Daily News*]

F—— discarded his clothing as he hastened to the operating room and by the time Mrs. E—— was wheeled in he was ready to operate.

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MR. NORTH GETS THE IODINE

MR. NORTH pulled off his gardening gloves as he came into the room. Then he lit a cigarette and sat down thankfully. Mrs. North said that as long as he was up, would he bring her the iodine. Mr. North found the iodine and took it over to the couch, where Mrs. North was examining her arms with thoughtful interest. Mr. North looked at her arms, too, and saw that they were scratched. He said "Um-m-m" sympathetically, and opened the iodine while Mrs. North held out her arms for treatment. Mr. North daubed.

"Too bad," Mr. North said. "Cat?" The cat had lost a few inches of his tail a day or so before, through miscalculation of the speed of a slamming door, and had become morose.

"Ouch!" Mrs. North said. "You mean, did I get these scratches from the cat? No. It was the mop."

Mr. North paused in the act of putting the stopper back in the iodine bottle and looked at Mrs. North. "The mop scratched you?" he said. "You did say mop, didn't you?"

Mrs. North smiled, and told him not to be so literal. "Not the mop," she said. "Getting the mop. The old one I used for dusting." She relaxed on the couch with the air of a person who has cleared everything up. Mr. North put the stopper in the iodine bottle very slowly, searching in his mind for an explanation. He found only fog.

"I'm sorry," he said. "You scratched yourself getting the mop. How? It's just standing in the kitchen, and you just go out and pick it up, and something scratches you. What?"

"Oh," Mrs. North said, "I see what you mean. But the mop wasn't in the kitchen. It was in a tree."

Mr. North steadied himself. "In a tree?" he said. "The mop was in a tree? Why? I mean, how did it get there?" He paused and thought a moment. "Birds?" he said doubtfully, trying to visualize them.

Mrs. North sat up and looked at him with surprise. "Don't be silly," she said. "What kind of birds do you think we have around here anyway? Birds that carry mops? It was me, of course. I threw it up there myself."

Mr. North tossed his old cigarette into the fireplace and lighted a new one, to give himself time. Then he sat down on the couch beside Mrs. North. "Now," he said, "you threw the mop up in the tree. Why did you do that? What tree?"

Mrs. North jumped up and, taking

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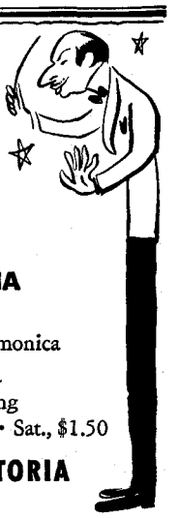
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Mr. North's hand, pulled him after her. She led him to the terrace and pointed down the slope toward the lake. "There," she said. "In that tree."

Mr. North looked, and after a moment he saw. A medium-sized tree grew close to the water, and in its topmost branches was a mop. There could be no doubt of it. He nodded.

"Well," Mrs. North said, "that's all there is to it. I was trying to throw it in the lake, of course. It's all worn out and I've bought a new one."

"But—" Mr. North began.

"You mean, why in the lake?" Mrs. North said. "I wondered about that too, afterward. You see, a mop is pretty long for the trash-burner or the ashpit. So I just thought I'd get rid of it that way."

"An impulse?" Mr. North suggested.

Mrs. North nodded. "It just came over me," she said. "I was feeling sort of exuberant, and I thought it would sail over the trees and splash. Only it didn't. So I took the rake and tried to push it out because it looks so odd there."

"Yes?" said Mr. North encouragingly.

"Well," Mrs. North said, "there are briers there, you know, and I got scratched. And then I hooked the rake on a branch and let go of it to move a brier, and the rake jumped up too, where I couldn't reach it. You can't see it so well from here, but it's in the tree. With the mop." She stopped and looked at Mr. North.

Mr. North looked at her, and after a moment said, "Oh." Then he went back into the house and drew on his gardening gloves. He got a hoe and started down the slope toward the lake. As he passed the terrace, he saw Mrs. North sitting on the rail, watching him and smiling.

"While you're up," said Mr. North, feeling pleased with himself, "you might get me the iodine." He went on toward the treed mop.—RICHARD LOCKRIDGE

• •

THE TIMID BON-VOYAGEUR

Oh, you'll take the high road
And you'll take the low road
And you'll take the cruises that the travel agent's selling,
But none of them is my road,
For I'm taking no road—
My specialty is strictly the department of farewelling.

When gangway crowds are milling and river whistles shrilling,
You'll find me there with flowers, with novels, and with candy.
When stateroom fun is hearty, if you've a farewell party
That's bulging out the cabin walls, then I am ultra-handy.
I call for stewards heatedly and kiss the girls repeatedly;
I fill myself with parting cheer until I'm chockablock.
But when they bellow "All ashore!" I run or leap or fall ashore;
The climax of my repertory's done upon the dock.

Oh, you will mount the skyline
To snap a startling photo
And climb your legs in cramps to get a head axe or a spearhead.
But that is not in my line;
I give it up *in toto*.
I strain a muscle only when I'm waving from the pierhead.

I stare at passing steamers, I throw you paper streamers,
I shift from foot to foot until your boat swings slowly sideways,
I leave confetti traces on total strangers' faces—
I see that you are launched in style upon the ocean's tideways.
I playfully embarrass you by shouting things that harass you,
I yell that you're a lucky bum and wish that you were I,
I swear I'd love to range about and say we ought to change about—
But try to get me near the sea except to say goodbye!

Oh, you'll bring back a saga
Of peril and flirtation,
A store of gifts for all your friends (or else you will be in bad).
And after sitting gaga
Before your rapt narration
I'll scurry off—to hurry off some other budding Sinbad.

—JEROME BARRY

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THE RACE TRACK

Saratoga Once More—Lady in Charge

AT first sight, the Saratoga race course looks a lot better than anyone dreamed it would. Not that the pari-mutuels were expected to transform the place into a country fair or a Santa Anita, but it seemed likely that some of the old atmosphere would be dispelled by the new betting apparatus. It hasn't been. There are just as many trees on the grounds as there ever were, and the tote board in the infield is fairly unobtrusive. The stand, painted for the first time in twenty years, has the cool, white-and-green décor of a New England meeting house and Ed Bradley's Beach Club. There are more terraces and flowerbeds and the entrances are wider than they used to be. Even if there are booths for tote-ticket sellers and cashiers all over the place, at least that means the betting ring won't be so congested as it was. For example, half of the old saddling shed in the paddock has been turned into a tote unit, so you'll no longer have to walk a quarter of a mile to put down a wager after seeing your favorite horse saddled.

Saratoga, by the way, has the only woman track superintendent in the world—Mrs. Tom Clare, a brisk, attractive, black-haired woman who took over the job after her husband died last January. A track superintendent, as you might guess, keeps the grounds looking up to snuff. Mrs. Clare has plenty to do, too, for the Saratoga Association property includes 385 acres, 118 stables with stalls for 1,794 horses, a grandstand, a field stand, administration buildings, a dozen gardens, and three tracks. During the meeting, Tom Healey, who used to train the R. T. Wilson and the Whitney horses, is helping Mrs. Clare out by keeping the main track and the training grounds, Oklahoma and Horse Haven, in condition.

The Clares, an old New York Irish family, have been race-track superintendents for three generations. Tom Clare's grandfather, William, had charge of Jerome Park, the Belmont of its day, from 1866 to 1890; Tom's father, Jim, was superintendent at Clifton Park in New Jersey and at Brighton Beach, and his brother, Billy, had the job at Saratoga for ten years, up to 1924. Before her husband died, Mrs. Clare used to look after the flowers at Saratoga. This meant managing a hothouse and a huge garden where the thousands of plants used to decorate the grounds are raised, so she doesn't find bossing a hundred and twenty workmen too strange a task. She has no children to carry on the family tradition, but she has a nephew whom she's training.

BEFORE the Yonkers Handicap at Empire City last week, Arnold Hanger, who owns He Did, said the only horse he was really worried about was Sickle T., because the last time He Did had been beaten Sickle T. did it in the same race a year ago. Hanger's fears were justified. He Did, who carried 129 pounds, lacked his old dash, and finished fourth, a long way behind Sickle T., who won easily. Most of the other races at Empire City last week were the sort you can forget.

IT'S hard to say just what standards, if any, can be applied to the two-year-olds. Whatever they are, I'm afraid the Eastern colts who ran in the Arlington Futurity at Chicago last weekend can't be regarded as wonderful. Attention finished sixth; Mettlesome, over whom lots of people got excited at Empire City, was eleventh; and Swing and Sway was twelfth. Of course, the track was muddy. Perhaps Alfred Vanderbilt was smart in withdrawing New World at the last moment. Swain, the winner, must be a nice colt, for he was away last and, after wriggling his way through the field, won by half a dozen lengths.

THE most gratifying performance of the week was Challedon's in the Hollywood Gold Cup. Not that he had such a lot to beat, for Can't Wait isn't really up to running a mile and a quarter in the very best company, and Kayak II apparently hasn't recovered from the attack of flu that nearly did him in several months ago. Nevertheless, it was a trick to travel from Boston to Los Angeles in an express car that wasn't air-conditioned, pick up 133 pounds, and run as fast as Challedon did. It's obvious that W. L. Brann, who owns him, is sending him after the money-winning record of $437,730 held by Seabiscuit. Well, Challedon is a big, strong, sound animal, and if there are enough $50,000 races around, he may do it. Up to now he's won about $294,000.

—AUDAX MINOR

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

There's Always Disney

FAR and away the best thing you can possibly do with your fifty cents is to buy an admission to any of the theatres showing the Disney Festival, a re-issue of "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs" and five of the best Silly Symphonies. Don't worry; "Snow White" stands up well, even if you liked "Pinocchio." Has Disney ever disappointed you? And could you say as much for anybody else in Hollywood? Or for *anybody* else? You trot along to the Disney Festival, now; I've been sent to several other pictures, and I've got to talk turkey.

"THE FUGITIVE" is a psychological melodrama from England, with a competent cast that includes Diana Wynyard, Ralph Richardson, and Romney Brent. It's probably the best of this week's batch, but that's faint praise indeed. The story concerns a respectable English barber who commits a senseless theft, and progresses logically from that to murder, flight, and death. The effect of a similar crime of violence on a lower-middle-class English household is a matter once explored by Alfred Hitchcock, in "The Woman Alone," and anybody who sets out to top Hitchcock has two strikes on him.

Then there was "They Drive by Night," with Ann Sheridan, Ida Lupino, George Raft, and Humphrey Bogart. This picture has a certain clinical interest; it has a unique fault, a sort of badness that I have never before seen in a bad picture. To put it briefly, the second half of it has nothing to do with the first half. If you were to leave the auditorium at a certain point in "They Drive by Night" and come back a couple of minutes later, you might seriously wonder if you were seeing the same picture. Uncanny, I can tell you. The first half is a whopping good story, not very imaginatively photographed but full of action and realistic talk, about free-lance truck-drivers who run fruit and vegetables in to the big-city markets. In the second half, Mr. Raft, neat, shaved, and respectably at work in an office, is pursued by Ida Lupino, his employer's wife, but manages to hold out because he is engaged to Ann Sheridan. Nobody cares any more whether the oranges and lettuce get to market on time. Well, anyway, Miss Lupino's schemings come to nothing, and she goes crazy, but really nutsy. It is a conviction of all the Hollywood fan-magazine writers and publicity men that an actress who plays a mad scene in a film automatically becomes one with Réjane, Bernhardt, and Ethel Barrymore. Nothing could be further from the truth. Actresses who can play mad scenes (hahahahahahahaaa, I can't stand it!) are four hundred and eighty dollars a dozen, a price established by Actors' Equity, not by me.

I ENJOYED the late Thorne Smith's zany story, "Turnabout," and I had great hopes of Hal Roach's movie version of it. Well, everybody will laugh at "Turnabout," but some people will feel vaguely ashamed of laughing, I think. The idea is that a presentable young couple are magically changed in sex, with the mind of each in the body of the other. Without laboring my point, I'd like to say that the fact that "Turnabout" got by the Hays office leaves the way clear for the intrusion into films of a type of comedy that, with all its other faults, Hollywood has thus far steered clear of, or has been forced to steer clear of. It's common talk, of course, that the Hays office is relaxing a bit; my own observation, however, is that it relaxes only for the sake of a gag, never for the sake of a more adult story. Am I going to have to cast my vote with the Legion of Decency?

For the rest, "Turnabout" has its funny moments, and its dull moments. The gags are mostly of the type intended to "build" with repetition; some of them do, some don't. When they don't, it's awful. Nothing is more distressing than the sight of movie comedians milking a laugh that isn't there.

"UNTAMED" is negligible (in glorious Technicolor), except that it started me off on a melancholy train of thought. There was a hot summer two years ago, too, and I spent most of my free evenings in the air-cooled Windsor Theatre, admiring Patricia Morison in "The Two Bouquets," probably the best musical show that New York ever saw. Hollywood got her, of course; now you see her in glorious Technicolor, in an inexplicable dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's worst novel, "Mantrap." Progress? No.

—RUSSELL MALONEY

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Accent on Youth

THE All-American Youth Orchestra which played under the direction of Leopold Stokowski in the Lewisohn Stadium last week sounded a good deal like the Philadelphia Orchestra, eighteen of whose members are also in the Youth personnel. You can't, of course, compare the American Youth ensemble with the more experienced band in Philadelphia on the basis of an outdoor concert, which is subject to the whimsicalities of al-fresco acoustics and electrical amplification. Still, the young men and women who appeared under Mr. Stokowski's chaperonage demonstrated a tone and a technical polish that, as I said, reminded me of the conductor's home group. In the best sense of the expression, the new unit is a Stokowski orchestra.

The "Philadelphia style" was apparent not only in the playing but also in the seating of the orchestra, which was set up in the so-called inside-out plan that Mr. Stokowski introduced to Carnegie Hall last winter. Because of this arrangement, with the violins behind the wind instruments, the string tone seemed variable, although the distribution of microphones on the stage may have had something to do with the unevenness. Except for this, the orchestral sound matched anything ever heard in the Stadium.

It isn't necessary to retell the story of Mr. Stokowski as a conductor. Some listeners may have preferred a straighter version of Brahms' first symphony than the one Mr. Stokowski conducted and they may have disagreed with details of his interpretations, but there was never any doubt about his great mastery or his extraordinary effectiveness. There never is.

Mr. Stokowski departed from several Stadium traditions at this concert. He inserted "The Star-Spangled Banner" after the first part of the program instead of at the beginning, and he offered what appeared to be a rescored and reharmonized version that might well be adopted as a standard edition for concert orchestras. He also conducted it. Most maestri just lead it.

Then, too, he broke with one of his New York practices by actually beginning at 8:30 (the Stadium concerts have reverted to this starting time, after a brief experiment with 8:45). Some of the ticketholders, who evidently did not believe that Mr. Stokowski possibly could go to work before 8:45, put on an interesting scramble in the aisles at a quarter to nine.

UNCERTAIN weather conditions before the concert may have been responsible for the fact that the American Youth première didn't threaten the attendance and box-office records at the Stadium. The all-time Stadium box-office championship is held by the program at which Marian Anderson appeared this season, with Efrem Kurtz conducting. This event, according to a member of the Stadium staff, drew a little more money than the Lily Pons-André Kostelanetz concert last year, which still retains the top attendance mark.

HOWARD D. MCKINNEY and W. R. Anderson are the authors of one of the most ambitious musical treatises of the year—"Music in History: The Evolution of an Art." This book, which runs to 872 pages of text, ranges from the beginnings of the art to conjectures about America's musical future, setting the development of music against social, economic, political, and cultural history. It's good reading, too, with plenty of well-considered music criticism.

Browsers may get a good notion of historic influences simply by looking at the pictures that accompany the discussions of various musical eras. Chances are, though, that the browsers will find themselves becoming perusers and winding up as thoughtful readers.

—ROBERT A. SIMON

•

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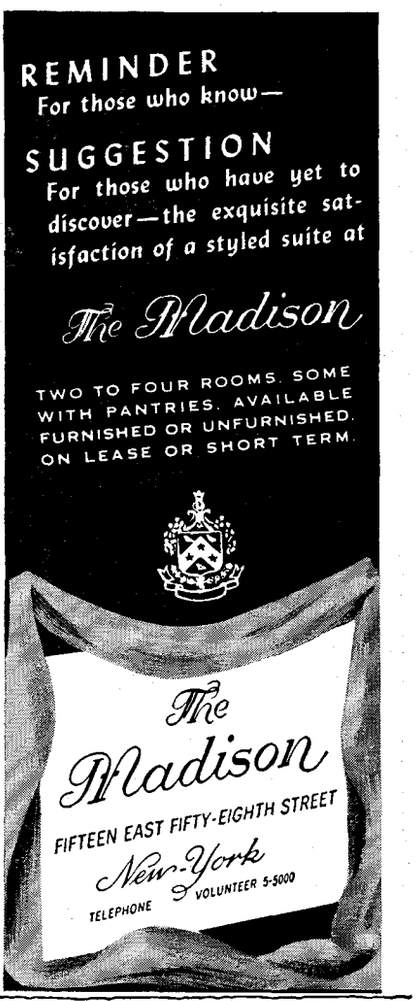
HOW'S THAT AGAIN? DEPARTMENT

[*From an article by Garet Garrett in the Saturday Evening Post*]

Any idea that makes great change in the world must somewhere produce its wonderpiece, and there will be a place where that occurs in the room of all else that might have happened, or nothing.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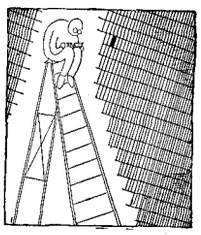
BOOKS

Laski on Leadership



NOW is the time for all good men to read "The American Presidency," by Harold J. Laski. Because this year's election is possibly the most important since 1860, citizens could select no better opportunity for reflecting upon the office of the President, what its obligations are, what its past has been and future may be, its weaknesses, and how it may be altered to assure the continuance of a strong and positive national life. For those who believe that voting is not enough, I recommend Laski's lucid, reasonable, and humane study—a classic in a field which boasts few classics, and one of that line of extraordinary analyses of our political life (I think at once of Bryce, de Tocqueville, and André Siegfried) contributed by Europeans.

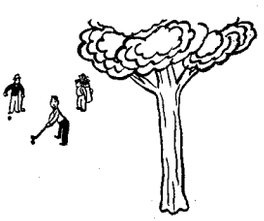
While Laski is interpretive rather than tendentious, the drift of his argument is clear. He believes that our traditional doctrine of the separation of powers has in part outlived its usefulness. Distinguishing between "negative" and "positive" national states, he is of the opinion that our times demand the latter. He goes on to say that a Chief Executive of highly limited powers is a bad thing in a period like our own, when a single national will is of the utmost importance. In the course of the discussion he proposes a number of changes which would obviate the President's being hamstrung so often by an antagonistic or even perhaps a merely over-zealous Congress. At the same time, while he stresses the necessity of centring responsibility (his favorite word), he suggests nothing that would tend toward any real authoritarianism. Indeed, his basic point is that the conditions of modern democracy necessitate a stronger executive arm. "As soon as the American democracy moved into the epoch of the positive state, it could not afford the luxury of dull government." (By "dull government" Laski means the *laissez-faire* policy of Harding and Coolidge.) "For great power alone makes great leadership possible; it provides the unique chance of restoring America to its people."

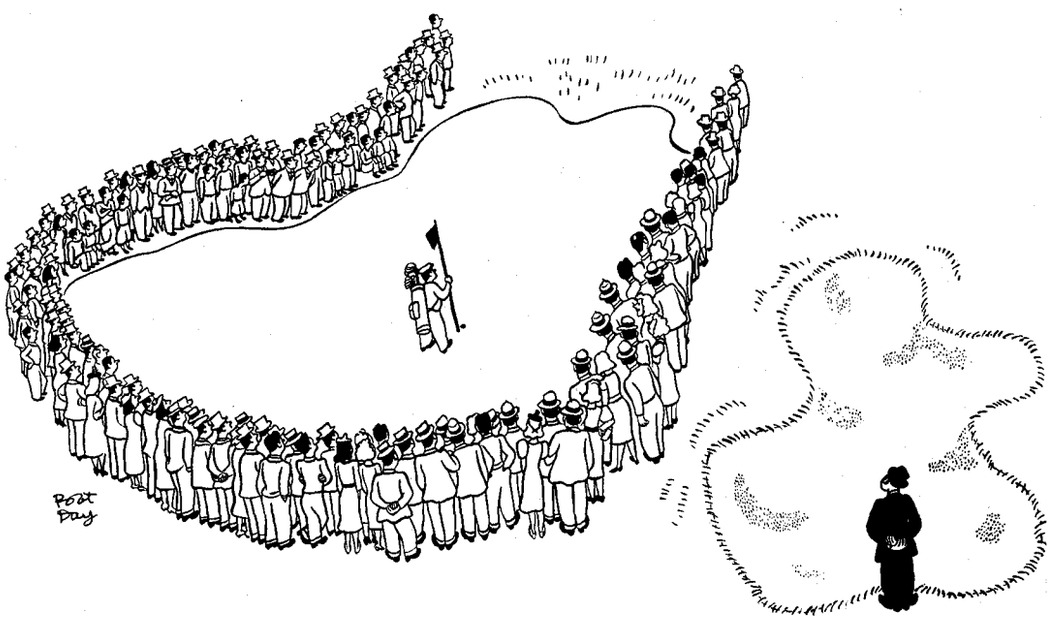
There are many who will object violently to this view, many in whom still lies that "fear of executive despotism" which produced our original system of checks and balances. Laski believes the fear unjustified; our whole political framework, as well as our whole political history, makes impossible, he thinks, the usurpation of tyrannical powers by the President. But I would suggest that even if you reject this central thesis, the book retains its value and fascination merely as a study of one of the most interesting and important of contemporary political institutions.

Laski opens his book cleverly enough with a frank admission of his own bias. He is an Englishman, a professor of political science, and a liberal. He writes, however, as a close student of American politics and as an admirer, with some reservations, of our form of government. It is hard to discover in him any prejudice such as that, for example (as he brilliantly points out), which weakens the almost magisterial quality of Bryce. Bryce was a comfortable Gladstonian liberal, which means that his understanding of the part played by labor in the balance of our political structure was sadly defective. Laski is an English professor, but he writes like neither a professional Englishman nor a professional professor. His is a slight study compared with that of Bryce, but it seems more objective as well as more humane.

After disposing of the problem of the personal equation, Laski proceeds to examine the "fear of executive despotism" that lies at the base of the weaknesses of the Presidential office. He explains how this fear has created an extraordinarily even alternation of strong and weak Presidents and how, within the compass of a single Presidency, there are usually strong and weak periods. After laying down his main thesis ("the system, in fact, allows only a very great man to be himself"), Laski describes the multifarious functions of the President and contributes an engrossing analysis of the qualities a good Chief Executive must possess. Bagehot said a democratic statesman must be "an uncommon man of common opinions," and that still seems a sound if rough description of all our strong leaders, from Washington to F. D. R.

Laski describes the mechanism of selecting nominees and explains why our





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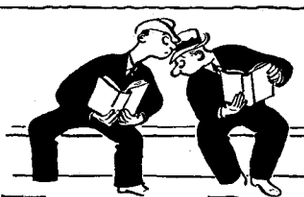

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federal and regional system makes inevitable the doctrine of Presidential "availability" which foreigners find so hard to understand. Later on he attacks this doctrine, though restrainedly—an attack which, if pursued to its logical limits, it seems to me, would lead straight to the thesis that our whole federal set-up stands in need of radical reorganization. On the whole, however, Laski believes that our American system of nomination and election "fits well enough the medium in which it has to work. It achieves the results that the needs of the people require." Summing up, he points out—disagreeing with Bryce—that our Presidents have in the main been able men, certainly no less able than a comparable series of British prime ministers. Mr. Willkie, by the way, will be interested in Laski's explanation of the fact that no President in the whole list has been a businessman.

The introductory chapter is largely a discussion delimiting the area within which the President is free to move. The following chapters, dealing with the Cabinet, Congress, and foreign relations, present specific applications of Laski's thesis. To him, for example, the weakness of the Cabinet is that it is not a council of colleagues, a responsible team like the English Cabinet, but merely a body of advisers to the President.

The treatment of Congress is the most perceptive in the book. Laski explains why Congress is bound to be "anti-Presidential" and how and why its jealous guarding of its prerogatives hampers the President's independence of action. On the other hand, while Congress, particularly the Senate, has often compelled what was in effect the abdication of "normalcy" Presidents, it has been itself compelled to submit to the strong hand of the typical "crisis" President, such as Lincoln or Wilson. Extremely interesting is Laski's discussion of the methods by which the President can control Congress, ranging from the realistic instrumentality of patronage to the vague but powerful weapon inherent in his hold on public opinion.

It is in the sphere of foreign relations that the Chief Executive seems most nearly uninhibited, but even this apparent freedom, as many critics have pointed out, is circumscribed by the Senate's treaty-making power and by the two-thirds rule. Laski examines the dangers which possibly lie in these limitations on the executive prerogative and comes to a conclusion somewhat less alarmist, for example, than that of Ray Stannard

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—From an interview in the press, July 16, 1940

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JOHN DAY

Baker, who thinks that the deadlock between the Chief Executive and the Senate in the face of a really critical foreign problem "in some future world crisis may ruin us."

In concluding, Laski prophesies that the next decade or so will witness an inevitable strengthening of the President's power, and affirms his belief that this is a good and necessary thing in a period of positive rather than negative national states.

For pre-November reading, there is nothing I can recommend more strongly than "The American Presidency." Its whole argument, by the way, though conducted on an impartial and even lofty plane, could be used as an argument for Mr. Roosevelt as against Mr. Willkie. If we follow Laski, Mr. Willkie would seem from his public utterances to be a strong man arguing in a crisis period for the continuance of negative, non-crisis government—an apparent paradox—whereas Mr. Roosevelt is frankly bidding for a further extension of executive power.

I have but one more comment to make. In his preface, Laski mentions "the friend to whom I have been permitted to dedicate this book." Although I have looked everywhere, even cutting open the binding with a meat knife, I have found no such dedication. This is the sort of thing that drives ordinary reviewers crazy, and I am an ordinary reviewer. —CLIFTON FADIMAN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MADAME DORTHEA, by Sigrid Undset, translated from the Norwegian by Arthur B. Chater. This novel of eighteenth-century Norway is primarily a character portrait of a deeply human and courageous woman, Madame Dorthea, who finds her life beginning to fall to pieces when her husband disappears. Nothing Sigrid Undset writes lacks distinction, but this must be placed among her lesser books. It has some fine passages, particularly in the second half, but is somewhat dull, with a confusing narrative line and an array of characters who seem too numerous and complexly related.

THE TERROR OF PERU, by Meade Minnigerode. The author writes a capering, tongue-in-cheek romance about a St. Malo merchant adventurer of two hundred years ago who, for love of a girl with a pair of green eyes, found himself becoming a romantic conqueror and eventually "the terror of Peru." The author kids his hero, heroine, and his own novel, not unentertainingly.

TOO DEAR FOR MY POSSESSING, by Pamela Hansford Johnson. Bruges, Paris, London, mainly pre-Hitler, are the scenes of Miss Johnson's new novel, a love story about the young man who couldn't marry the right girl but never forgot her. Rather wistful, neatly written, without any great impact. The city backgrounds have the right atmosphere.

GENERAL

M DAY: AND WHAT IT MEANS TO YOU, by Leo M. Cherne. Another pamphlet explaining the War Department's plans for mobilization day, especially as they relate to business. Written by the executive secretary of the Research Institute of America. A great deal more informative than Mr. Keyhoe's treatment of the same subject.

GERMAN SUBS IN YANKEE WATERS, by Henry J. James. A half-dozen German U-boats sank 197,761 tons of shipping off the Eastern seaboard in 1917 and 1918. The author provides a vivid account of the progress of that campaign, and observes that a really efficient United States coast patrol in time of war might not be a bad idea. Illustrated by Charles E. Pont.

SANCTUARY, by E. W. Paisley. A fifty-year-old New York woman settles down in a camp on a Maine lake and discovers the pleasures of simplicity. A warm and engaging book, shrewdly written.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

LET HIM DIE, by E. H. Clements. A guardian's life is not a happy one in this recommended item, which is more novel than mystery. The locale is London, but there is very little talk of war and all that.

THE LEFT LEG, by Alice Tilton. Leonidas Witherall, who looks like Shakespeare, gets tangled, and I mean tangled, up in a confusing but amusing mystery. Some funny dialogue and fast movement make this a good one.

•

A new feature of the 1940 restaurant is a moderate priced a la carte menu for service in the garden, where you may sit in the sun near the pool or in the shade under the canapes or umbrellas.—*The Sun.*

Like little leprechauns.

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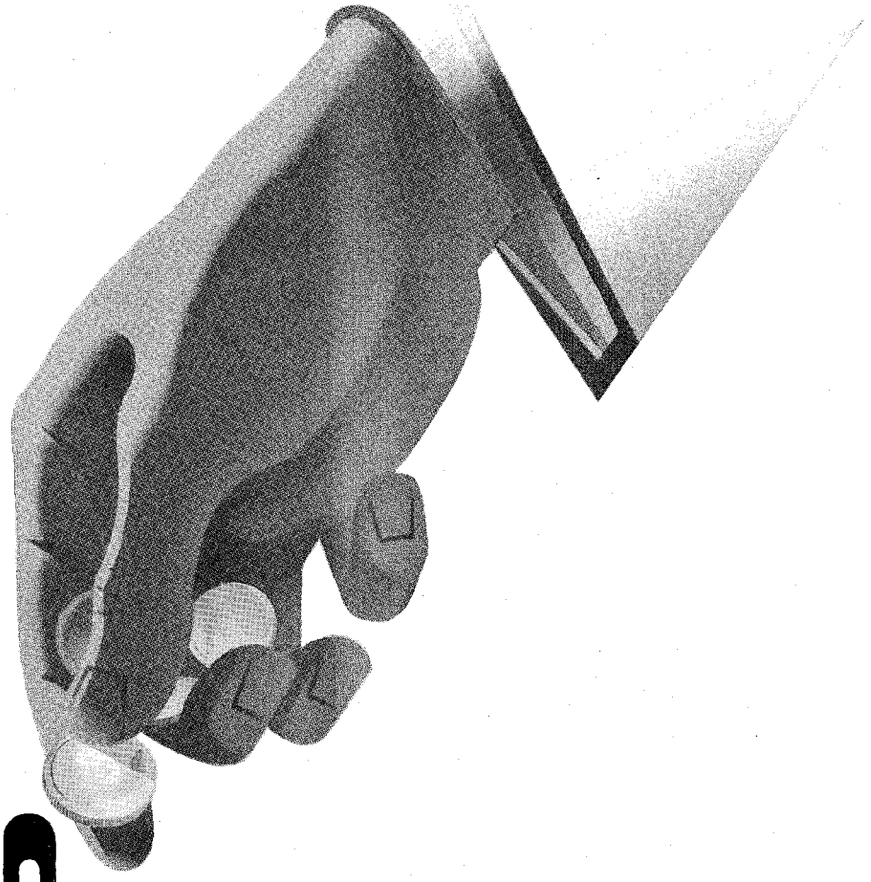

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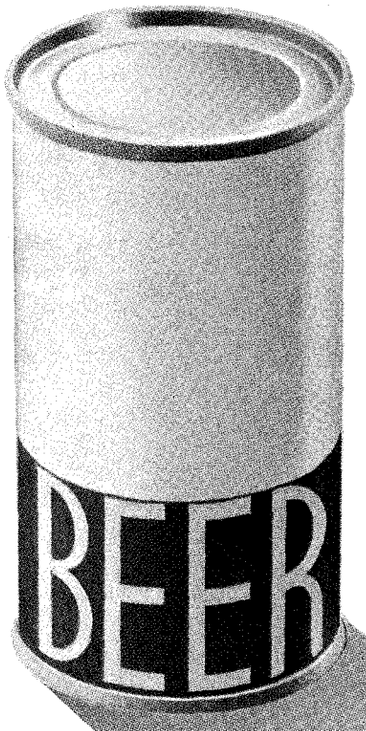

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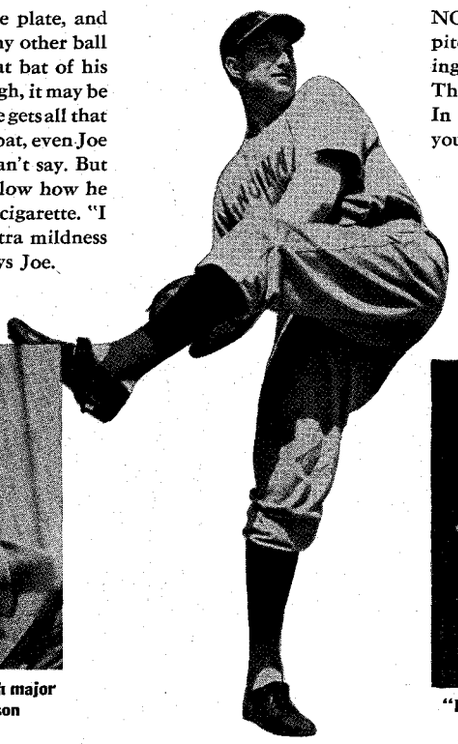
THEY'VE GOT THOSE EXTRAS THAT WIN BALL GAMES

Yes, it's the extras that carried Joe DiMaggio, "Bucky" Walters, and George Case to the top. The extras of slower burning won them to Camel cigarettes

HE STEPS UP to the plate, and he looks like 'most any other ball player. But when that bat of his comes crashing through, it may be the ball game! How he gets all that extra power into his bat, even Joe Di Maggio himself can't say. But you can easily see below how he gets the *extras* in his cigarette. "I smoke Camels for extra mildness and extra flavor," says Joe.

JOE DI MAGGIO—He topped both major leagues in batting last season



NO, "Bucky" Walters has no magic pitch. The magic's in his extra pitching sense—the extra degree of control. Those are the *extras* in his pitching. In his cigarette, "Bucky" will tell you: "Extra mildness and extra coolness win with me. So I smoke slower-burning Camels." Yes, Camel's costlier tobaccos and slower way of burning mean extra pleasure—and extra smoking per pack (*see below, left*).

"BUCKY" WALTERS—He won more games in 1939 than any other pitcher in the majors

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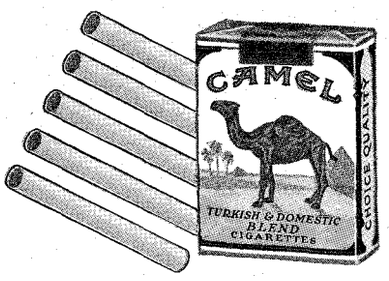
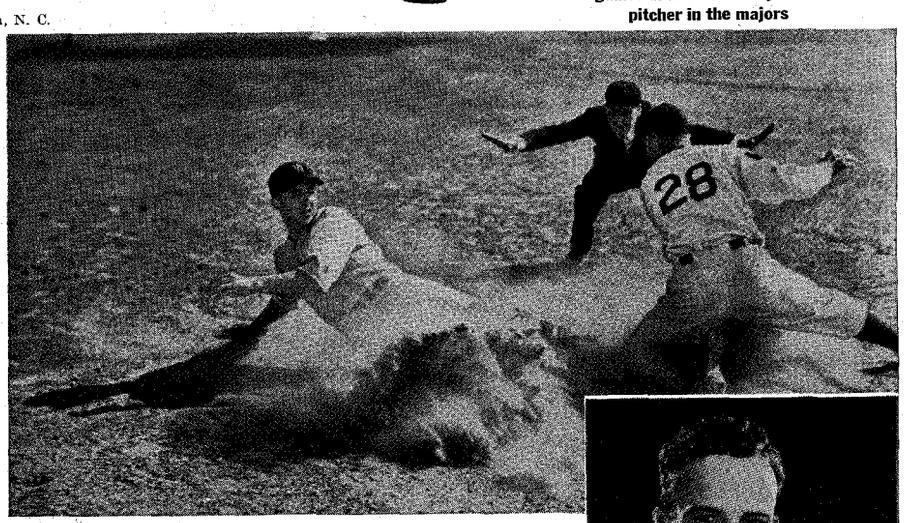
EXTRA MILDNESS
EXTRA COOLNESS
EXTRA FLAVOR

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5
EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!





GEORGE CASE—He stole more bases last year than any other man in the majors

THE CASE of the stolen base—George Case. *Extra smartness* in getting the jump on the pitcher . . . *extra speed* in getting there ahead of the ball—those big extras have won George Case acclaim as the "fastest base-runner in the game today." Extras *do* make a difference—even in cigarettes.

With George Case—with millions of others—the *extras* of costlier tobaccos in slower-burning Camels are the difference between just smoking and smoking pleasure at its best. Turn to Camels. Enjoy an extra measure of mildness, coolness, and flavor—and extra smoking (*see left*).

GET THE "EXTRAS"—WITH SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS

THE CIGARETTE OF COSTLIER TOBACCOS

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED